Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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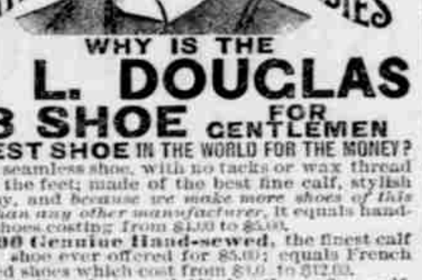
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



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W. L. DOUGLAS
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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because *we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

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Apr 30 86

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Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

'When my ship comes in,' runs the young
man's song,
"What brave things shall I do
With the strength of my wealth and the joyous
throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true!"

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life's broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail spies he.

'My ship has gone down!' in soberer strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain,
And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And gazing out on the deep—behold,
A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she flies, no songs are borne
From her decks as she nears the land;
Silent with sail all somber and torn
She is safe at last by the strand

And lo! To the man's old age she has brought
Not the treasures he thought to win,
But honor, consent and love—life-wrought,
And he cries: "Has my ship come in?"
—M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jun., in Harper's
Weekly.

IN THE SMALLEY SET.

The Ambition of a Life and How it Was Realized.

Very few of the women in Pottstown could have told you, if suddenly questioned, what were their aims in life. They tried from day to day and hour to hour to their duty to husband, children, home and the church.

But Mrs. Loper had one ambition, one clearly defined purpose. It was to be admitted to the Smalley set. She probably never put this desire into words, even to herself, but it dominated her life.

Now the Smalley clique did not by any means comprise the most scholarly or refined or best bred, nor even the wealthiest, people in Pottstown. Their claim to social distinction was based solely upon the fact that they had lived in Pottstown longer than their neighbors. Outsiders wondered why anybody should stay in the little smoky mill town who could get out of it. But these people, simply because they had lived for three generations in its smoke and grime, held themselves haughtily aloof from later comers, whom they regarded very much as the nobles of Saint Germain did the canaille of Bonaparte's day.

Mrs. Loper was a newcomer. She was descended from a good old revolutionary family. Her husband was a lawyer of ability; his eloquence had gained him a reputation throughout the state. He was a man of integrity, of much distinction in manner and character; he was able to support his wife in comfort, even luxury. But Mrs. Loper, coming to live in Pottstown a few years after her marriage, felt herself to be one of the canaille.

Mrs. Smalley did not call upon her.

There were many other women in the town outside of this exclusive circle. Mrs. Judge Pierce, the stately old lady in the great house on the hill, had quietly withdrawn from it. She looked with cold disapproval upon Mrs. Smalley and her fast, foolish coterie. The Langdons gathered a musical, literary group about them and keenly enjoyed their social life. There were many earnest, devout people, too, who were wholly occupied with charitable and religious work, and never spent a thought on their fashionable neighbors.

Mrs. Loper knew that she could find congenial companions among any of these people—in her secret soul she sneered at little Mrs. Smalley's ignorance and vulgar pretensions—but she was wretched as long as that arbiter of society in Pottstown did not call nor invite her to her receptions.

For, although the Smalley set was pretentious and under bred, it was acknowledged to be the *haut ton* of Pottstown. If you had a card to Mrs. Smalley's receptions, you belonged to "society." If your house stood upon the hill on which she and her friends lived, it was worth several thousands more than if it was in a pleasant quarter. (Of course it is only in Pottstown that this absurd condition of affairs exists in this country).

Mrs. Smalley appreciated to the full the power which circumstances had placed in her hands. Her favor was not easily won. Years passed and she had not yet recognized Mrs. Loper's presence in the town. In that time Sarah Loper, who had much strength of character, would have accepted and submitted to any other misfortune—blindness or a lame leg, for example. She would not submit to social ostracism.

"I must visit in the best society or not at all," she told her husband.

She worked her way into a charitable organization in order that she might meet Mrs. Smalley on the committees. Next, she gave up the pew which they occupied in the old church and took a costly one in the new edifice in which most of the Brahmin caste were members.

Now, her husband protested vehemently.

"I am deeply attached to old Dr. Malling," he said. "He helps my soul on its way to Heaven. As for this flighty boy in the new church, I cannot hear him with patience; he is shallow and inexperienced. I will not promise to go with you, Sarah."

Mrs. Loper was daunted, but only for a moment. The prize was so great for which she played. To gain it Mr. Loper might submit to be bored for an hour on Sundays, surely.

She took the pew and contributed largely to all church expenses. When after a month or two, some of the exclusive set called upon her, her triumph was so great that she scarcely noticed that her husband remained at home on Sundays and by degrees became indifferent to all church work. When they were first married they formed the habit of studying a chapter in the Bible together every morning. But Mrs. Loper's time was so occupied now with her social duties that she neglected it. At first, when she saw her husband sitting alone with his Bible, her heart gave her a wrench of pain, but after a few weeks he, too, gave up the habit.

In other ways their lives were affected by her new ambition. They had nourished high hopes for their children, and made many anxious plans to insure them sound health, sane, strong minds and noble characters. When Bob was but a year old they had begun to examine into the claims of different colleges. While Nelly was a baby on her breast Mrs. Loper had dreamed out her future as a helpful Christian wife and mother.

Her aims for the children were changed now. Bob was kept away from school to practice a part in tableaux and private theatricals, in which he appeared in a Directoire costume of velvet and lace. Nelly soon learned that the object of her life was to dance, to sing, to appear in pretty new gowns, to make herself conspicuous among the other children, in the hope that Irene Smalley would invite her to her Christmas ball.

Their father made a feeble protest.

"Our whole motive of life is changed, Sarah," he said. "The minds of the children are filled with trifles. Our home life is gone, and instead there is a constant buzz and tumult about dress and balls or some other folly."

"I do not consider the social position of my children a trifle or folly," she replied, sharply.

"I only know," he answered, "that you once hoped to fit them to be God's servants in this world and the next. Now your highest hope is to fit them for the Smalley set."

She did not reply. The subject was never broached between them again. Mr. Loper's death a year later left her a wealthy widow with no restraint upon her social ambition. She succeeded in gaining a foothold in the fashionable circle. It was not secure, and she was perpetually forced to curry their favor by mean little arts for which she despised herself. Bob, much to her delight, became the intimate friend of Jem Smalley. It was whispered in Pottstown that Smalley was corrupting the boy, and would make him as profligate as himself. But his mother, when she saw her boy driving or riding with the leader of fashion, did not ask what lesson of life he was learning from him.

Nelly gave her mother many a heartache. She had formed an attachment to a poor young clerk who had no capital but industry and energy. When Dr. Soames began to pay her attention, her mother compelled her to encourage him.

"He is old enough to be my grandfather," the girl protested. "He has been a life-long drunkard. I cannot even respect him and—I love another man, mother."

"He has reformed," urged Mrs. Loper. "You ought to respect him. He is Mrs. Smalley's cousin. He can give you as good a position as hers in Pottstown. As for your fancy of love, every girl has some such silly affair before she takes up life in earnest."

Nelly was timid and weak. She yielded and married a man whom at heart she despised.

A few months after her marriage Mrs. Loper became seriously ill. Death came slowly to her, so slowly that she had time to look back at her life and judge coolly of the value of her successes.

Her son would look in sometimes at her for a moment with a bloated face and red eyes, bid her "cheer up," and vanish to be seen no more for a day or two.

"He does not waste a minute on his dying mother," she moaned once. "Where is he going, Nelly?"

"To the races, I believe. He and Smalley own a horse together."

A faint smile crossed Mrs. Loper's gaunt face. "Bob keeps good company," she murmured. Then she scanned Nelly's thin face and painted cheeks and heavy, hopeless eyes. The girl wore a Parisian gown. She was the leader of fashion in Pottstown. But even that thought did not seem to give her mother satisfaction as she lay there with death coming nearer, nearer. Did she see in her child's face the dumb accusation of a lost life—a soul tainted and ruined?

As the day crept into night she lay silent and motionless, summing up her life's triumph, it may be, to comfort herself withal.

"Mother," Nelly said once, "would you like me to send for a minister? Or—shall I read a Psalm to you?"

Mrs. Loper knitted her brows trying to think distinctly. Nelly talked of such unfamiliar things—she scarcely was acquainted with the minister, and as for the Psalms, she used to read them long ago, long ago.

"I can't attend to that sort of thing just now, dear. When I get well—Nelly, what is going on to-night? The carriages—and I hear a band—"

"Mrs. Smalley has a reception, mother. Everybody is going."

"And they know—they know that I am—dying!"

She put her hand over her eyes to shut out the life which had become so paltry and base.

Some one said to Mrs. Smalley that night: "Your friend, Mrs. Loper, has just died, I hear."

"Ah, indeed! I'm very sorry! We were scarcely friends, however. Merely acquaintances. A clever woman though a good deal of a snob. Do take Miss Price out for this waltz, to oblige me."

Mrs. Smalley stood smiling as she watched the waltzers; the music rang out gay and sweet. Mrs. Loper lay dead. Her ambition was gratified. She was one of the fashionable set in Pottstown.—Congregationalist.

Queer Freak of a Gobbler.

Mr. James Grier, who lives about five miles east of Dawson, has a turkey gobbler that is a curiosity, says the Columbus (O.) Enquirer-Sun. Mr. Grier's turkeys consisted of two hens and the gobbler. The hens made nests about seventy-five yards apart in Mr. Grier's melon patch, laid their nests full of eggs and went to setting. The gobbler got lonesome and concluded that the proper thing for him to do was to set also. He got an equal distance between the two turkey hens, squatted over a guinea watermelon and set six weeks before he was discovered. Mr. Grier thought his gobbler had been stolen and was utterly astonished when he found him in the patch trying to hatch out young melons.

At a Pizen Creek Party.

Mrs. De Grizzler—You seem rather fidgety this evening, Colonel Whipsaw.

Colonel Whipsaw—Yes, just a little.

"Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Nope. You see I've given Bill Roper, over there, all the chance and inducement to elope with my gal Cycloney that a feller could want, and now if he don't improve this occasion to skip with her he'll be sorry."—Texas Siftings.

FORTUNES IN FINGERS.

London Pickpockets Who Could Give Old Fagin Lessons.

They Are Said to Be the Cleverest Thieves in the World—Story of a Ring—Experience of a Scotland-Yard Detective.

While contemplating a trip to Europe a few years ago, I purchased several well-advertised guide books, one of which, dealing chiefly with London and its environs, warned Americans against the light fingered portion of its population. Therefore when I went abroad I did so with my eyes open, as I thought, but I was soon to discover by actual experience that a stranger in the great metropolis needs very keen optics to escape the wiles of its Fagins. Having but a moderate purse at my command I took cheap lodgings in Charter House square, and when out sightseeing was careful to take along just enough money to last me through the jaunt.

In my half-aimless saunterings one morning I turned in the Strand, already bristling with its peculiar life, and had not proceeded far when some one tapped me on the shoulder. Having no particular acquaintance in London at that time, I turned quickly and saw a well-dressed man step back like a person embarrassed.

"Aw, I beg your pardon, sir," said he, politely; "I thought I was tapping the shoulder of a friend; would not have stopped you for the world," and before I could tell him no harm had been done he was off and out of sight in a moment.

I thought no more of the interruption until, seeing a book which I desired to purchase, I reached for my purse, but it was gone. In a flash the shoulder tapping incident came back with strange distinctness, and I had to laugh at the adroitness of the theft, for I knew I had been robbed while the strange man was apologizing for the apparent blunder. I had not lost much money, owing to the carefulness referred to, but the purse contained a keepsake in the shape of a plain gold ring suitably inscribed. That was worth more to me than the contents of the purse, and, upon telling the bookseller of my loss, he advised me to report it at Scotland Yards, the headquarters of the metropolitan police.

I had little hope of ever again seeing the ring, for I could give nothing but a vague description of the person who had stopped me, but I resolved to take my complaint to the authorities, as much to get into Scotland Yard, which is world famous, as anything else. Quitting the book-stall, I made my way to the place from which the shrewd detectives of London sally forth to hunt down the evil doers, and in a short time was stating my loss to a little man in uniform, who listened intently, but with a lurking smile in his blue eyes.

When he heard me through, he said that in all probability the keepsake and I had parted company forever; but calling to his side a man whom he introduced as Sergt. Donny, he went over the story, and then turned me over to the sergeant. Sergt. Donny reminded me of Mr. Inspector Bucket, of "Bleak House." He seemed to have a queer way of conferring with his fat forefinger while he listened, and from the first he impressed me as a good-natured man, too much so, I thought, to be a member of the police force, having to deal with the roughs and toughs of London.

The sergeant and I adjourned to the nearest little coffee-house where I found that he improved on acquaintance.

"We have 100,000 thieves in London," said he. "Now, your purse has fallen into the hands of one of them; but which one? The man who tapped you on the shoulder did not do the robbing; he merely secured your attention while his confederate relieved you. You felt nothing in your pocket? No? The fingers of our genteel Fagins are very light and shapely. I was robbed once myself, and that while conducting the thief to the station for picking a lady's pocket. I did not know my watch was gone till we came to search the scamp. Your ring, ah, yes," and here Sergt. Donny tore a blank leaf from his memorandum.

"I think we had best advertise for it," he continued.

I was surprised.

"You wonder, I see," smiled the sergeant. "Some of our thieves are very sympathetic, and there is one chance in a thousand that your purse may have fallen into the hands of a fellow of this description. We will try first with something like this:"

He wrote rapidly for a minute, his chubby little hand running back and forth over the sheet, and when he stopped he read the following advertisement:

"Lost—Ring—If the person who found a plain gold ring, inscribed 'From S. P. to J. C., '62,' will return it to No. — Charterhouse square, he will receive one guinea reward and no questions will be asked. The ring was lost on the Strand and is valued as a memento, being a gift from a dear friend who is dead."

"Some of the light-fingered gentry are very tender-hearted," said Sergt. Donny when he had read the advertisement, which seemed to delight him. "In a case of this kind we have no accurate description of the thief; therefore, we have to resort to stratagem. Your advertisement will appear in the Times to-morrow, and then we shall wait for results. Meantime, we have nothing to do, and I am prepared to tell you something about the thieves of this great city, seeing as how I have been dealing with them these twelve years."

I was more than pleased that the inspector had turned me over to so clever a subordinate, and intimated pretty strongly that I was eager to listen to anything Mr. Donny had to say.

"This is June," began he. "If you had come over two months later the chances are that you would not have been 'touched' on the Strand to-day. August and September are the safest months to walk in or mix with the crowds on the streets of London. During these months our pickpockets are at the seaside, working the crowds of fashionables who flock thither, or have gone to the foreign race courses. Thousands of them go to Paris, and hundreds to other places, and we are not so busy with them at home. Yes, sir, we have one hundred thousand of this evil class in London, more thieves than you have honest people in some of your pretty American cities. It is to our shame, of course, but how are we to help it?

"A large per cent. of foreign pickpockets have been trained in London. We have thief training schools here, lots of them. Precocious boys, who have no homes, are picked off of the streets by the observant pickpocket, who takes them to the secret schools, where they are trained by the Fagins in charge of them. The little novices are taught all the secrets of petty thieving, and, after awhile, graduate accomplished pickpockets. They are taught, also, to recognize at sight the different people who flock to London. They know the Frenchman from the native, a German from a Russian, and Americans are told at once. How do they do this? Sometimes by the cut of one's clothes, by the manner of carrying jewelry. You brought your clothes from New York, did you not?"

I acknowledged that my garments were fresh from the shop of an American tailor, at which Sergt. Donny smiled, and added that he would have taken me for an American "on sight."

"The great headquarters of our Fagins," he continued, "are the dark and dismal purlieus of St. Giles, Whitechapel and the long, low wharves of the Thames. They are there by thousands, young and old and both sexes. They have societies and even savings banks, and when one of their number is in our hands the others are willing to put up money to get him out. I do not wonder that some tourists get robbed. They will go down into these parts of the city without a proper escort, and the next day they are at Scotland Yard, telling a story of woe. I had an amusing experience once with one of this class. He was a nice-looking man, indeed—was an American professor. He came to London, so he said, for the purpose of making a study of our criminal classes. I did not know this, of course, until after the experience I am about to relate.

"Well, our professor went down into St. Giles, and while exercising eyes and ears he was robbed by a boy scarcely ten years old. The little fellow was a shrewd pickpocket, and as I had had some experience with him I guessed that he was concerned in the robbery, for it had taken place on his grounds, though the professor maintained that he had been robbed by a man from whom he was trying to obtain some statistical information. Accompanied by the complainant I went to the dangerous quarter and nabbed little 'Billy' before he was aware of my presence.

"'You must discharge this child, sir,' said the American. 'He had nothing to do with the theft. Why, sir, he couldn't take anything.'

"'Just as you say,' I answered with an amused smile, at the same time stealing a look at Billy.

"The boy, who felt that I knew he had committed the robbery, went up to the gentleman and thanked him profusely for his kindness, after which he hurriedly departed and walked on. Half a square from the scene of the encounter I turned suddenly and asked the professor the time of day. He reached for his watch, but, to his surprise, it was gone, whereupon he looked at me thunderstruck. He was inclined to get angry, saying that he had been plundered while under the escort of a London policeman. The following moment, to his amazement, I pulled out his watch and extended it.

"'Pray, how did you get hold of it?' he exclaimed.

"'The boy gave it to me. He "touched" you while he was thanking you for asking me to discharge him. In a short time we shall have your purse as well.'

"The American could not believe that the boy Billy was the person who had taken the purse, but the adroit theft of the watch went a long way toward hinting that he might be mistaken; and when, yet that day, I had the satisfaction of restoring his purse, which had been brought in and surrendered by the boy, his wonder knew no bounds. I dare say that your countryman did not venture into the thieves' quarter again without a different opinion of the shrewdness of the gamins who jostle one on every corner there."

The day after my adventure on the Strand my advertisement, as drawn up by Sergt. Donny, appeared in the Times, and several days passed without any results. I was beginning to have a poor opinion of the tender hearts of London's Fagins, when one afternoon, upon my return from a walk, I was surprised to have my landlady hand me the identical souvenir ring.

"It was brought to the house by a well-bred gentleman, who begged leave to say he was sorry he had not seen your notice sooner," she said in explanation. "He was very polite, and when I offered him the guinea he said he could not think of taking it, as you had been put to so much expense already."

"Did you ask him for his address?" I inquired.

"I thought of doing so, for I imagined that you would wish to thank him by post, but he was gone before I could put the question, touching his hat politely as he went down the steps."

That was the end of the whole matter. Of course I had no clew to the man who had returned the ring, and when I narrated the incident to Sergt. Donny he smiled, and, having consulted his fat forefinger, like the immortal Mr. Bucket, said he presumed I would never forget my little experience with the light-fingered gentry of London.—T. C. Harbaugh, in Cincinnati Gazette.

A Lake Nearly a Mile Deep.

By far the deepest lake known in the world is Lake Balkil, in Siberia, which is every way comparable to the great Canadian lakes as regards size; for while its area is over 9,000 square miles, making it about equal to Erie in superficial extent, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it. The Caspian lake, or sea, as it is usually called, has a depth in its southern basin of over 3,000 feet, Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep. Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet, and Legodi Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 feet deep and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.

The Crucial Test.

"I'd die for you, my loved one!" exclaimed the passionate lover.

"That's all right," replied the matter-of-fact girl; "but will you eat the biscuit I make?"—Judge.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER

Across the silent, purple hills,
Thro' cloudy rifts of amethyst,
The setting sunlight softly thrills,
And wraps the world in amber mist.

A new, fresh world it seems to-night,
Untouched by any thought of woe;
I stand alone, and from my height
Watch the rich colorings come and go.

On village spires all silvery white,
On windows touched to ruddy glow,
On nearer stream, that glistens bright
Along its winding, shadow'd flow.

How calm it is, and yet in truth
One hour ago a wild storm swept
These hills and valleys; while, in ruth
The world was bowed—the heavens wept.

But now what change! the golden mist
Creeps over hill and sky again;
The smiling valleys, sunset kissed,
Catch God's "clear shining after rain."

So sends He storm to every heart:
No perfect peace but comes through pain;
We can but calmly take our part,
And wait "clear shining after rain."
—Grace Adele Pearce, in Woman's Journal.

MY DISOBEDIENCE.

The Terrible Price of an Afternoon's Pleasure.

I was always afraid of father, but with poor little mother it was another thing. Father was hard and stern with us children, and when he told me to do anything I just stepped; but she was too gentle and loving to say a harsh word, and I often took advantage of that fact in father's absence. Toward him I felt little emotion except that of fear, while I loved mother with all the strength of my passionate nature; yet her I often disobeyed; him, never.

How well I remember my last and greatest disobedience and the bitter lesson that I received in consequence. I was about fourteen at the time, and we were living on a farm some distance out of the village where my father was an overseer in the mill. Bad luck had followed him for some time and he was quite heavily in debt. My three older sisters had one by one died of lingering consumption, the house had taken fire and burned to the ground when uninsured, and in the effort to save some of the furniture father was badly injured and had to stop work for some time. So when the new house was built and furnished he had to run behind a good deal, and we had to practice the strictest economy in consequence.

Father had gone back into the mill again, and my long summer vacation had begun, when yet another misfortune came to us, though I was too young and thoughtless to realize much about it. Mother began to show signs of the same fatal disease that had claimed my three sisters, and her strength failed quite rapidly.

However, she would not allow father to hire a girl as long as we were in debt and she could keep about, and father at last consented to get along for the time being without one if the washing could be put out and I would stay at home and help. That is how my life's sorrow found me.

Although, as I have said, I loved my mother passionately, I was not always as good to her as I should have been. I was full of life and spirits and did not realize her condition, and the confinement at home was often very irksome to me. So I began to slip away with the boys and leave her alone for hours at a time, knowing my father would not be home from the mill till night, and that she loved me too well to tell him of my neglect and so bring down upon me a well-merited punishment.

Mother still kept about the house and looked after her work, and I never realized until afterward how hard it was for her. She grew paler and thinner day by day, and the brilliant red that glowed fitfully in her cheeks and made her look so lovely would have told a more experienced eye than mine that the gentle, loving woman was fast going where sickness and sorrow are unknown. As for me, I remained blind to it all, and often grumbled at the little things that she occasionally asked me to do.

Naturally enough, I grew more wild and rebellious with every indulgence, and my neglect daily became more apparent. But the end was near.

The Champions, a boys' baseball club of which I was the catcher, had arranged to play a match game with the Victors, a team from a neighboring and rival village, one Wednesday afternoon. Of course it was all we boys could talk about for a week before the event took place, but at last the day actually arrived. The game was to begin at half-past one, and I would have to start as soon as possible after dinner in order to get there in season.

I did not dare mention the match to father, for I knew he would surely forbid my attending it. My rival, Billy Atwood, would be only too glad to catch, and if he did I might lose my position in the nine and that I could not bear to think of. No; I must be there and catch, be the consequences what they would.

Father came home to his dinner, and it was nearly one o'clock that day before he started back to his work. Mother had been feebler than ever all the morning, but I never noticed anything about that. The coming ball game filled my head so full that there was room for nothing else.

As soon as father was out of sight I started to slip out the back door, but quiet as I was about it my mother noticed me.

"Won't you get me some fresh water, Henry?" she said, in a low, gentle voice. "That in the bucket is stale, and it is so warm this afternoon. I am very thirsty."

With a frown on my face I caught the pail angrily up and went hastily out into the yard. It was only a minute's work to fill the bucket at the pump and I was soon back again.

"Why didn't you get me some nice, cool spring water, dear?" said my mother, as I came in with my pail. "The well water is so hard I cannot drink it. Please get some; it won't take you very long."

Now the spring where we got most of our drinking water was nearly a quarter of a mile across the fields and it was already a quarter past one. In my mind's eye I saw the game already begun, myself absent, and Billy behind the bat. Such thoughts were unendurable.

"Oh, that water is good enough and I'm in a hurry. Don't be so fussy," I saucily answered.

"But, Henry, I don't like the well water and it makes me feel unwell too. Your father wants you to stay and help me, you know. Can't you do that much for your poor, sick mother, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose I can. You are bound a fellow sha'n't have any fun though, and always contrive some way to stop it. Give us the old pail," I burst out in a rage as I caught it up and started for the door again.

My mother never said a word in reply to my disrespectful and brutal speech, but she gave me such a reproachful look from her unnaturally large and brilliant eyes that I felt a strong impulse to turn back and ask her pardon then and there if I had to lose the ball game in consequence. I noticed, too, how pale and slight she was growing, and I saw her tremble as she stood beside the table watching me out.

But I drove away my good angel and went out with the water pail, banging the door after me. I started slowly off toward the spring without a single look behind me, though I well knew the tender glance of those lovely, reproachful eyes was following me as I went.

But the tempter is always near to a wavering mind. The thought of what I was losing came back with redoubled force as I neared the spring, and my indignation toward the poor mother who had unknowingly kept me at home increased in the same proportion.

"You can go and play ball and then come back and get the water as soon as the game is over," he whispered. "That will do just as well. She won't tell your father and he will never find it out."

In a moment the pail was hidden in the ferns beside the spring and I was off across the fields as hard as I could run. Ten minutes later I reached the ball ground, hot and breathless, to find I was just in time to prevent the game from beginning without me, and with Billy Atwood for catcher.

The match was long and close, but it ended at last. I caught a magnificent game and was so excited that I never once thought of the poor sick mother at home with nothing to quench her thirst but the nauseous well water during the long, hot afternoon.

At four o'clock I hastened home, flushed with triumph and entirely forgetful of my disobedience, and burst noisily into the house, crying out:

"Mother, mother, we beat 'em! we beat 'em! The Victors are victors no longer, and everybody says I caught a splendid game."

But there was no answer. The kitchen was silent and forsaken, so was the sitting-room. Where could the little mother be?

I soon ascertained that she was not about the house, and thought, with a sinking heart, that perhaps she had gone for the water herself. Ah! I remembered my disobedience then, and bitterly did I regret it.

I fairly flew down the path to the spring, and as I neared it I saw a motionless figure lying beside the wall, in the full glare of the blazing sun. It was mother.

In an instant I was kneeling at her side, wildly imploring her to speak to me and pleading for forgiveness. For some time she remained unconscious of my tears and prayers, then the lovely, languid eyes slowly opened, and she gazed up into my face with the same loving, reproachful look lingering in their depths.

"Forgive me, mother; only this time and I will never do so again!" I sobbed.

She tried to answer me, a shudder shook her slight frame, and then the blood burst through her drawn lips in a bright scarlet stream. Another shudder throbbed through her emaciated form, then her head dropped and the beautiful eyes half closed.

With a wild cry I fled from the spot and rushed to the nearest neighbor's for help. It was only a few minutes till I was back again with four strong men, but to me it seemed an age.

My mother's fragile form was placed on an improvised stretcher, and tenderly borne back to the house of which she had always been the light and the guardian angel; while my father and a physician were hastily summoned. Both came immediately, but they were too late. She was gone.

Yes; my mother's pure, loving, blameless life was over. That walk to the spring in the hot sun, together with the effort she made in climbing over the wall, had been too much for her remaining strength. My cruel, wicked disobedience had killed her.

I waited for hours with frantic grief and repentance when they told me the bitter truth, but it came too late. Never upon earth might I atone for my cruel neglect, for those beautiful eyes were closed forever. I had refused her last request, and her last look had been one of sad and tender reproach. No wonder I felt like a murderer.

Years have passed since that terrible afternoon, yet the last look I saw in my mother's eyes haunts me to-day. I always will. I can never forget that my unfilial conduct embittered the last moments of an idolized parent, and that when my own time shall come at last, and I enter the city not made with hands, I shall be confronted with the damning record of my sinful waywardness. God grant that when I meet my mother's ransomed spirit, beyond the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, I may not see the reproachful look I remember so well shining in the beauteous eyes!—O. L. Young, in Goodall's Sun.

Cupboard Love.

An Englishman who once traveled on foot through Norway says that he was much attracted by the tameness of the horses and cows which he saw feeding along the roadside. It indicated a kindly disposition on the part of the people, he thought; but he adds: In my original notes I find a long paragraph overflowing with sentimental tenderness relative to these affectionate cows, that followed and overwhelmed me with their loving licks; but I do not transcribe it, as upon further reflection it is evident that the licking was mere cupboard love. All cattle in inland, and especially in mountainous districts, have a strong craving for salt, and these cows were merely licking the deposits from the sea spray that had fallen on my clothes during the recent voyage. This discovery was mortifying to my feelings. Man wishes to be loved for himself alone, and the spontaneous manifestations of these pastoral, unsophisticated cows seemed to respond to the heart's fond yearnings. But, alas! even the cows of Surrendal were licking me for the salt I carried.—Youth's Companion.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 18, 1891.

SECRETARY PROCTOR reports that there are eighty-two national cemeteries, in which are buried 328,115 soldiers. Each cemetery is under the care of a superintendent.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, of Ohio, says his re-election was defeated by the expenditure of more money than was ever used in an Ohio contest, the chairman of one Republican county committee having had $40,000 to expend.

SECRETARY-OF-WAR PROCTOR retired last week, to accept the Senatorship from Vermont, made vacant by the resignation of Edmunds. His successor in the War Office will probably be appointed by the President within a few days.

THE grand jury at Pittsburg, on Monday returned true bills in the Quay libel suits against the *Post* publishing company and Albert J. Barr and James Mills, proprietor and editor, respectively. The suits will probably come up for trial in a few days.

GOVERNOR PATTISON has refused to interfere in the cases of twenty-five grocers of Washington county, who were each fined $100 and costs for selling oleomargarine. The grocers declared that they had been deceived, and thought they were selling butter.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State is playing fast and loose with his friends in the interest of Benjamin Harrison, or is playing fast and loose with Benjamin Harrison in the interest of himself. It will take time to develop which party is to be disappointed.

THE present Speaker of the National House of Representatives is the thirty-second man to hold that enviable position in public life. There have been fifty-one Congresses but only thirty-one Speakers. Henry Clay was elected Speaker six times, and Blaine, Coalfax, Randall, Carlisle, and Nathaniel Bacon, of North Carolina, filled the office three times each.

ANOTHER visitation of the "grip" is anticipated over the country generally. It seems to be an aggravated form of what firmerly was called influenza, though in many instances it assumes forms peculiar to itself, and may be entitled to the name by which it is generally known. In many places in Europe the disease is reported to be raging with fatal severity.

COLLECTOR WARMCASTLE, of Pittsburg, another of senator Quay's friends and appointees, has been getting into trouble with the government over his accounts. He has been speculating with public funds and has lost. Now he is pleading to be permitted to resign and Senator Quay and Christ Magee are laboring with the President to save him from the disgrace of dismissal from office.

SPEAKER CRISP has not yet announced the committee on rules, which he must do before Congress adjourns for the holiday recess, if he would have the full list of committees ready to submit to the House upon the resembling in January. The impression still prevails generally that Messrs. Springer and McMillin will be the Democratic associates of the speaker on that committee, but no official sanction has been given to it yet.

OUR Washington correspondent, says the New York *Herald*, informs us that the Demorratic leaders have decided to attempt at present no tariff revision, but will try to achive a few substantial results in the obliteration of duties on raw materials through seperate bills. This will leave the party in position to attack the McKinley bill next fall if it chooses and will prevent it from having a bill of its own in attacking which the Republicans would put it upon the defensive. In the meantime business will not be disturbed by tariff tinkers, and the party will go into the fight unhampered by demagogues.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: When the House is in a condition to proceed to business Representative Bryan will propose a constitutional amendment that if adopted, will permit any state so desiring to elect its United States Senators by the vote of the people. Another measure he has in view is to compel the sale of all property under the United States court processes in the county where the property is sold, and causing the advertising of the same to be likewise made in the county. Another measure he proposes to push to passage, if he can, is one providing that after a certain amount has been realized the inventor of a patented article shall cease to be protected.

THE Senate in its brief open session on Monday added 214 to the list of bills introduced, making the total for two days 827. Among them were bills to erect monuments to General U. S. Grant and Mary Washington; to organize the much discussed permanent census bureau; to repeal the law prohibiting ex-Confederates from entering the army and navy of the United States, and a number of important merchant marine and shipping bills, presented by Mr. Frye, of Maine, from the committee on commerce. Proposed increased pension legislation received several accessions, including a bill pensioning all soldiers who fought in Indian wars. Two additional bills were added to the already long list of Chinese restriction measures.

The Senate, in secret session, referred a number of recess appointments received from the President to the appropriate committees. The list includes 281 postmasters and a large number of army and navy appointments. At the request of Senator Allen, of Washington, the nomination of Andiew Wasson as collector of customs at Puget Sound was confirmed.

THE Philadelphia *Record*, in speaking of the Presidents message says: Without accepting his deductions from the facts which he presents in regard to the beneficial working of tariff and silver legislation; the facts themselves in their relation to the prosperity and future advancement of the country should be carefully considered. The tariff policy of the Administration already stands condemned by the popular judgment. The silver experiment, while successful as a means of temporarily buying off the interested advocates of free coinage by taking their bullion at market rates, is a confessed failure as a means of advancing the price of silver or of awakening international interest in a system of bimetallism. The experiment cannot be indefinitely continued without the gravest danger. But the President has only hopes and opinion; he makes no new recomendations to Congress as to the means of extrication from a condition of financial peril.

That part of the message devoted to foreign affairs is interesting, but it contains no matter especially new or important. There is an unreserved approval of the management of the United States representatives in Chile, and a promise of a special message on the subject of the Valparaiso outrage when full information of the new Chilian Government shall have been received.

This is the only speck of serious complication. Reciprocity is passed over without a hint of the intentions of the President as to the difficult task of making and unmaking duties imposed upon him as a part of the reciprocity scheme.

A great variety of topics of minor interest are touched upon. There is an unreserved recommendation that the Government shall be empowered to indorse the bonds issued for the construction of the Nicaragua Ship Canal: Subsidies are also approved, and a hesitating indorsement given a scheme of postal telegraphy.

Upon the subject of pensions the tone of the message is apologetic. The enormous expenditure will not reach to the aggregate expected. The Commissioner of Pensions thinks he may get along this year without a deficiency appropriation, and that $144,926,000 will do for the next fiscal year. This statement carries its own comment.

In the tail of his message the President mentions the boost which Providence has given the country in our abundant harvests. He had no apparent inclination to trace the effect of this unlegislated opulence upon the legislative experiments of his administration, but such a digression would have been instructive. It is necessary to a proper view of all schemes of finance or revenue.

The only topic which the President approaches with any touch of asperity is that suggested by the action of the state of Michigan in authorizing the choice of Presidential electors by Congressional districts instead of upon a general ticket. He probably feels a personal interest in this change which accounts for his warm denunciation of gerrymandering and the dangers that may grow out of it. But the Michigan scheme is not a gerrymander, and is innocence itself beside the policy of admitting new states in order to defeat the real choice of the people.

BEFORE there is any talk of war with Chili, says the Pittsbuag *Post*, all the resources of arbitration so warmly commended by Mr. Blaine's Pan-American Congress should be exhausted. There would be no honor or glory in going to war with that country, which has a population about half that of the state of Pennsylvania.

The trouble about our relations with Chili is that our own people to a very great extent are not satisfied of the wisdom or justice of the administration's policy. If Balmaceda, the tyrannical and bloody usurper, had triumphed, then everything would have been all right. The United States would most likely have come in for a choice cut. But the Congressional party triumphed, and with it the cause of orderly and constitutional government. As the influence of the American administration was thrown for Balmaceda, what more natural than that the constitutionalists should manifest their anger. This has been invited by the retention of Pat Egan as minister to avoid the confession of an awful blunder in his appointment. The affair with the Baltimore sailors, in which the facts and law are disputed, is a proper subject for arbitration.

There is danger the administration is intent upon stirring up a war feeling to cloud over its blunders. But the Chilian manifesto sent to its foreign ministers puts a different complexion on the questions in dispute, and calls for further investigation on our side. When the House is fully organized for business one of its first acts should be, and probably will be, to reach out for all the facts, and especially the official and personal conduct of Minister Egan. If we are asked to resort to extreme measures against Chili it is all the more important our case should be impregnable, because of the wide disparity in the power and resources of the two nations. We cannot afford to bully a weaker power, with no motive to quarrel with us, but all its interests the other way, to help Secretary Blaine out of his Egan blunder.

IN the petition of Mary Nevins-Blaine vs. James G. Blaine, Jr., in the circuit court of South Dakota at Dearwood, the court on Tuesday ordered that the said Mary Nevins-Blaine be allowed the sum os $500 alimony pending suit and expenses of the suit, and that she also be allowed the sum of $300 as attorney fees in conducting this action. The trial is set for the February term. The plaintiff is now taking depositions in New York.

ON Tuesday John W. Daniel was re-elected to the United States Senate from Virginia without opposition. The legislature is with three exceptions solidly Democratic.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 12th, 1891. Mr. Harrison's annual message to Congress is a strong bid for renomination at the hands of his party, and all that now remains to make his nomination certain is that Mr. Blaine shall write that letter which the public has for a year or more been periodically informed that he was just on the eve of writing, declaring that he will under no circumstances accept the nomination. He may or may not write such a letter; just now it is again positively stated that he will do so in a few days.

The only part of the message deserving of the slightest commendation is that dealing with the several foreign complications which have occurred during the past year. The rest of it with one or two exceptions is worthy only of the condemnation of those who believe in Democratic ideas of the administration of the Government. He strongly endorses the Government guarantee of the $100,000,000, of bonds which ex-Senator Warner Miller estimates as nessary to build the Nicaragua canal; he wants to interfere with the sovereign rights of a state as lately exercised by the Michigan Legislature by the adoption of a Constitutional amendment providing a method for the election of members of Congress and the electoral college—Constitutional amendments have always been a Republican fad; he proves that Senator Gorman and the other Democratic leaders have been right in asserting that the notorious Force bill was not dead, but only temporarily shelved by lamenting the failure to pass that bill and proposing that an "8 to 7" commission be appointed by the Supreme Court for the purpose of considering the "evils connected with our election system." This is a wily attempt on the part of Mr. Harrison to get a partisan commission appointed that would report in favor of the enactment of a law similar in all respects to the Force bill, but the Democratic party has been tricked by one "8 to 7" Commission and is not likely to be caught in the same trap a second time. The principal "evil" in our election system, in Mr. Harrison's mind is that Democrats are elected where he wishes Republicans to be elected; if that could be reversed he would consider the system perfect.

Mr. Harrison naively informs an overtaxed country that the Commissioner of Pensions, after a careful examination of the subject, is of the opinion that the estimate of $144,956,000, which is included in the annual report of the Secretary of the interior, will be sufficient to pay the pensions for the year ending June 30, 1893.

In order to give Speaker Crisp an opportunity to devote sometime to the very important work of making the committee assignments the House adjourned from Wednesday to Saturday with the understanding that it would then adjourn to the following Wednesday. Even if he devotes his time entirely to the subject it is hardly probable that Speaker Crisp will be able to announce the committees before the Christmas recess.

The first bill introduced in the Senate was that prepared by Superintendent Porter, providing for a permanent census bureau. Mr. Harrison does not mention this subject in his message.

There has been good deal of nonsense written about the election of Speaker shutting out a prominent candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The National convention only, has authority to settle that question.

If Jerry Simpson does not catch the Speaker's eye as often as he wishes, it will not be because of his location, as he has secured a seat in the very front row. Jerry has not recovered yet from his disappointment at the small vote his candidate for Speaker received. He thinks that instead of 8 the Alliance candidate should have had about 40 votes.

The meeting of the executive committee of the National Democratic Committee here early this week was an important event for the party and a very pleasant event for those who attended it. January 21, 1892, was the date set for the assembling of the full committee in Washington, for the purpose of naming the time and place for holding the next National convention of the party. The time for holding the convention will probably be about the first week in July, but the place is as yet a matter of doubt.

Representative Mills characterises as absurd the rumor that he intended to resign. That he is disappointed he does not deny, but the idea of resigning has never occurred to him. He is not that kind of a man; and unless the Governor of Texas shall call a special session of the legislature of that state, which shall elect Mr. Mills Senator, to fill the unexpired term of Senator Reagan, there is every probability that Mr. Mills will serve out his term in the House, although it will not be surprising if he should decline to again assume the responsibilities and hard work of chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

Dislocated his Jaw.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Albert T. Bellows dislocated his jaw last night while expressing his gratification at an extraordinary good hand at cards. He was playing pinochle with his friend William F. Barry. The game is 1000 points up and Barry was nearly out, while Bellows wanted 300. He took up a queen of spades and two knaves of diamonds, and he was thus able to count the necessary 300 in one melt.

He began to taunt Barry and was shouting with laughter when his jaw dropped. He was unable to get it into place, and an ambulance was called. Dr. Gifford worked with him for nearly an hour and then took him to the Eastern District Hospital, where the jaw was worked back into place. Bandages were put on and Bellows warned not to remove them for ten days. Then he was taken home He is 28 years old and married. He works as a card cutter.

Mr. Wallace Regains His Property.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Dec. 13.—In court here yesterday morning before Judge Furst of Bellefonte, S. J. M. McCarroll, Allison O. Smith and W. F. Wallace, assignees of the estate of Hon. W. A. Wallace, reconveyed the property back to the assignor. The deed was at once acknowledged and the natter closed up. This act gives Mr. Wallace absolute control of all his property, and gives him until September next to pay, and the privilege of another year if at that time he is unable to satisfy all demands, providing that interest is paid on all claims after that date.

GREENSBURG, Pa., December 16—The bank of Pool & Son at Irwin, after ten days' resumption, closed its doors again this morning and appointed J. D. Brown assignee. P. S. Pool, the senior member. says that the bank never recovered from the shock of the first suspension. About $85,000 was drawn out during the past week. Yesterday Thomas Patrick and the firm of Hockensmith & Wagner made large deposits. The people there are wild with excitement and trouble is expected. They claim they will be able to pay in full.

A Colored Catholic Priest.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14.—The first colored man to be raised to the Catholic priesthood in the United States will be ordained Saturday morning, in the Cathedral in this city, by Cardinal Gibbons. Another colored priest has been laboring for several years. He is Rev. A. Folton, of St Monica's Church, Chicago, but he was ordained in Rome. Charles R. Uncles is the name of the man to be ordained Saturday. Mr. Uncles is a quadroon, and was born in Baltimore, 31 years ago. He was baptized, confirmed, and made his first communion in St. Francis Xavier's church, this city, where he is to cebebrate his first mass at 5 o'clock Christmas morning.

In 1888 he entered St. Joseph's Seminary, where special attention is given to training missionaries for work among the colored people of the United States. The students of St. Joseph's attend lectures at St. Mary's Seminary, in this city, the mother Catholic seminary of this country. As it was a new thing for a colored man to attend lectures at St. Mary's Church, the Sulpician Fathers, who direct it, put the question of Mr. Uncles' entrance to the vote of their 160 seminarians, and none of them voted against him.

In Death Embrace.

The McDole family, consisting of the mother aged 81, a daughter 60, and a son of 65, all lived in a house isolated from Elizabethtown, O. They were miserly and unsociable. The mother and daughter slept in a room across the hall from where the son slept.

Wednesday night the family retired as usual and the son heard nothing until just before daylight, when groans called him to his mother's room. There he found a terrible situation. During the night the daughter had been seized with death and had thrown her arms around her aged and feeble mother in a desperate embrace. She had pinioned the old lady's arms to her side and pulled her hand down under the covers. The embrace was so strong that the aged victim could not free herself, and in her fright and weakness she fainted. The daughter died and her clasp tightened about her mother and held her like a vise. The son could do nothing and it required the combined efforts of two strong men to unclasp the dead woman's arms and release the mother, who was so nearly choked to death that it is not believed she can recover.

Edward Field Arrested.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Edward M. Field, son of Cyrus W. Field, and partner in the bankrupt brokerage firm of Field, Lindley, Wiechers & Co, on Broadway, was arrested to-night by a Central office detective on an indictment charging him with grand larceny in the first degree. He was locked up at police headquarters. The warrant charged Edward M. Field with appropriating securities and the colateral property of the firm of field, Lindley, Wiechers & Co., No. 1 Broadway, for his own personal use. There are said to be a number of similar warrants now in issue, all of which will be no doubt be brought forward to-morrow when Field will be arraigned in the court of general sessions. District Attorney Nicoll has had the impression that Edward M. Field was not insane, but in reality seeking to escape justice. The district attorney has been in consultation with Inspector Byrnes for some time relative to the whereabouts of Field and the advisability of placing him under arrest. To-day Nicoll decided to act and readily got the signature of Judge M. Martine.

Buncoed out of $5 500.

NEWBURG, Dec. 13.—The Newburg police department received to-night a dispatch from Waldon to look for two men who have buncoed Robert B. Crowell of St. Andrews, near Waldon, out of $5,500. It is said they passed themselves off as tin peddlers, and the game worked on the rich old farmer is known as the gold brick game. The old farmer is well known in this city, where he holds a large slice of reality. He is probably seventy years old, and has a large family of grown-up children. He has long kept his account in the Quassaick national bank here, which institution he visited early to-day to get his check for $5,500 cashed. He seemed to be in a great hurry and said he wanted to catch the noon train for Middletown. Cashier Weed tried to get him to take a draft, but he declined, and insisted on having bills of $1,000 denomination. These were given him, and it is believed that he gave the sharpers $5,000 as soon as he got out of the bank and received the supposed gold brick in return.

Argument of Dynamite.

BRAZIL, Ind., Dec. 12.—Following on the White Cap notices posted throughout the Indian coal region on Thursday, a dynamite bomb was exploded in the Pratt mine, a few miles north of here, early yesterday. The bomb was placed in a fun cylinder, which was shattered to atoms. Coal Bluff Mining company was shut down and operations cannot be resumed for at least a week

The mine in which the outrage occurred was one of the few making an attempt to run in the Indiana coal belt. Had the bomb been exploded five minutes sooner the mine watchman would have been blown into eternity.

The watchman had just inspected the air fans in the cylinder and laid his lantern close to the shaft while he went a few rods away for the key to the tool-house. The explosion felled him to the earth and sent his lantern and a goat, which was grazing near by, in fragments skyward.

Arrested for Kidnaping.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., December 14.—Justice Wilson has issued warrants for the arrest of Councilman W. C. McCormick and George Miller, charging them with kidnaping. The information was made by Joseph Humberson of Henry Clay township, thirty-five miles south of here, who says that McCormick and Miller drove up to his place yesterday and asked his 7-year-old boy to take a ride. After they had gone some distance Humberson became suspicious and, mounting a horse, attempted to rescue the boy, but was driven off by McCormick, who flourished a revolver. McCormick claims that the child is his and that he left him with the Humbersons to raise seven years ago.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—James Carson, a mail carrier of Tionesta, was held up and robbed of a sum of money on Saturday morning.

—An unknown person threw some vitrol at Mrs. Carrie Hoberstroh, at Philadelphia on Saturday, disfiguring her for life.

—By an explosion of gas in the Hillman vein coal colliery at Wilkesbarre on Saturday last, Hugh Jones, the foreman, and James Kitterick, a miner, were fatally burned.

—A falling tree crushed Wallace Purdew to death near Parkersburg, W. Va., last week. He was to have been married Christmas, and was building a house for his bride when the accident occurred.

—The Roger's woolen factory, on Big Bear creek, Lycoming county, with all the stock and machinery, was destroyed by fire on Friday evening, the work, it is believed, of an incendiary. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $3,750.

—A ghost has driven the workmen out of the 700-foot level of the Anaconta copper mine at Butte, Mont. It is said to sit on the rafters and give orders, and resembles a former fireman of the mine who was killed there.

—William Jewell, who was employed in a furniture factory at Hughesville, Lycoming county, was struck in the abdomen by a cross cut saw on last Friday, receiving a terrible wound from the effects of which he died on Sunday. He leaves a family.

—Workmen digging the Harlem ship canal at the upper end of Manhattan Island, while at work sixteen feet below the river bed in an incipient peat formation, have found the tusk of a mastodon. It is four feet long and six inches in diameter at the butt. It must have lain where found many centuries.

—About 11 o'clock on Sunday night, says the Greensburg *Press*, the large barn of the Youghiogheny Company, just across the river from Sutersville, near Taylor station, on the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Yougheny railroad, was burned, together with all the contents, including five valuable mules, which were tied up in the stables. Loss, $3,500 to $4,000; partially insured.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Fessler, of Williamsport, rose on Saturday morning, leaving their two children—a 3-year-old-boy and an 8-months-old babe—asleep. About 7:30 o'clock the little boy went down stairs and told his mother the bed was on fire. She ran up and found both the cradle and the bed on fire. The baby was so badly burned that it died at 2 o'clock in the afternoon It is supposed the little boy left a lighted lamp fall on the bed.

—Franklin B. Kratz, aged forty years, a farmer residing near Henderson station, Bucks county, was brought to the State Hospital for the Insane on Friday, his mind having been deranged, it is alleged, through a mistake made by Sheriff Rover several weeks ago, in calling at the farm and making a levy on his property. Although apologies were made after the error was discovered, the affair so preyed upon Mr. Kratz, who had been somewhat weak minded for several years, that he became hopelessly insane and positively dangerous.

—At the hearing in the case of Commonwealth against W. H. Dill, charged with embezzlement by ex-Cashier McGrath, of the Houtzdale bank, before Justice McCulloch at Clearfield on Thursday afternoon of last week, a continuance until January 30th was granted, bail in $3,000 being furnished. In the other three cases on the trial list attorneys for Dill moved to have the bail reduced from $40,000 to such amount as the court decided right. Judge Krebs reduced the amount to $1,000 in each of the cases, the old bondsmen being again qualified.

School Report.

Report of Summerhill schools for month ending December 7th, 1891:

Room No. 4.—Number enrolled—males, 14; females 21. Average attendance—males, 12; females, 19; total, 31. Per cent. of attendance—males, .93; females, .92. Those perfect in attendance: Richard Costello, Lenore Plummer, Stella Tully, Myrtle Brown, Ethel Seaman, Carrie Seaman, Dora McClarren, Mamie Sipe and Ida Seaman.

Room No. 2.—Number enrolled—males, 17; females, 22; total, 39. Average attendance—males, 15; females, 17; total, 32. Per cent. of attendance—males, .90; females, .88. Those perfect in attendance: Walter Dimond, Roscoe Seaman, Howard Dimond, Jennie Bunton, Nettie Long, Sarah Tully, Jessie Plummer, Lizzie Werner, Katie Mayers, Ama Gable, Amanda Hull, Lilly Angus and Gussie Seaman.

Room No. 1.—Number enrolled—males, 25; fomales, 26; total, 51. Average attendance—males, 20; females, 21; total, 41. Per cent. of attendance—males, .85; females, .83. Those perfect in attendance: Stella McClarren, Zeta Dimond, Sallie Myers, Jessie Myers, Nellie Wentroth, Della Burnhimer, Myrtle Gable, Hetrick Sigg, Clair Plummer, Lizzie Dimond, Albert Dimond, Charles Sigg, Walter Hull, Charles Matheson, Norman Seaman, Elmer George, Henry Wyrick, Peter Betz and Harry McClarren.

Report of Ashville School No. 2 for the second month:

Number enrolled, 30; average attendance, 27; per cent. of attendance. .85. Those perfect in attendance: Richard Storm, Oscar Gill, Daniel Eckenrode, Demetrus Stephens, Lillie Doyle, Nellie Wills, Frances Monahan, Nettie Wallace.

Report of Ashville School room No. 1 for second month:

Number enrolled, 42; average attendance, 38; per cent. of attendance, .91. Those perfect in attendance: Murray Hunter, Ollie Gill, Cyril Rhody, Robert Burgoon, Sam Doyle, Chester Doyle, Frank Monahan, John Eckenrode, Willie Dougherty, Eddie Hanlin, Morgan Litzinger, Charles McConnell, Earl McColly, Harvey Ball, Mattie Doyle, Carrie Eckenrode, Laura Mills, Gertie Myers, Agnes Stephens, Gertie McConnell and Maggie Blatt.

District Institute.

Program for district institute to be held at Loretto, Saturday, January 9, 1892, afternoon and evening:

Afternoon.—Recitation, pupil; School discipline, B. A. Thomas; Teaching numbers, A. J. Dimond; Essay, Aggie Connery; Language and Grammar, Maggie Myers; Ventilation, Misses Hagan and Biller; Recitation, Annie Garrett; How to prevent Tardiness, A. J. Sanker.

Evening.—Recitation, Loretto Sargeant; Should directors take part in local institutes? Simon Vaught; Essay, Ed. Callahan; Debate—Resolved that parents have as much to do in governing the school as the teacher; affirm, Katie Conrad, J. W. Leech; deny, Felisitas Reynolds, T. L. Gibson; Paper, by pupil of Loretto school.

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Complete stock of medium-priced novelties for the holidays in Ink Stands, Candle Sticks Placques, Toy Dishes, Perfume, Mirrors, Writing Desks, Portfolios, Match Safes, Needle Books, Jewel Cases, Calenders, Thermometers, Booklets, Whisk-holders, Parrots, Toy Chairs, Bugs, Dusters, Frames, Painted Splashers, Work-boxes, Albums, Cuff and Collar Boxes, Dressing Cases and Fancy Baskets. And in the more substantial articles we have Silk Mittens, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Towels, Umbrellas, Muffs and Capes, Pictures and Easels, Children's Muffs and Boas, Sacques, Stamped Goods and Dress Paterns. Also, Ribbons, Silks and Plush Balls for Fancy Work.

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I have just received a large stock of

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FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE. ALSO, A LARGE LINE OF SCHOOL SHOES.

The Finest line of Shirts and Underwear in the town. Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Mittens, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Boys' Shirts and Waists, Cardigan Jackets, etc. You will also find I keep the Latest Styles of Neckwear.

P. S.—Agent for John W. Carroll's Tailoring House.

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Opposite Cambria House. EBENSBURG, PENNA.

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Fig. 2. ready for use.
Fig. 2.
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Overcoats! Overcoats!

We are now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS in the county and give you the lowest prices. My line of

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is always complete. Am now prepared to show you a much larger assortment than ever before. Call and see me as I will sell you nice goods and save you money. Very Respectfully,

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FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale [illegible] pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For further particulars call on or address Alvin Evans, Ebensburg, Pa., or LUKE RODGERS, Loretto, Pa.

December 12, 1890.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 18, 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Next Monday is the shortest day of the year.

—There will be a special court held beginning Monday, February 22nd, 1892.

—Mrs. J. C. Stineman, has been appointed on the Ladies World's Fair Commission for Cambria county.

—The annual production of sawed lumber in the United States would load a train of cars 75,000 miles long.

—Easter is much later in 1892 than in 1891. It will occur on April 17th. Last year it occurred on March 29th.

—Mr. Edward Griffith and wife, of this place, started for Erie, Pa., on Monday to attend the wedding of a relative.

—The new Catholic church at Ehrenfeld, was dedicated on Sunday last by Bishop Phelan. It will be known as St. Mary's of Mt. Carmel.

—Mr. William Brown Jr., one of Washington township's best citizens was in town for a few hours on Thursday and while here dropped in to see the FREEMAN.

—Squire J. D. Parrish, of this place, married his first couple on Tuesday. The first couple married by his predecessor, H. Kinkead, Esq., was in 1840, fifty-one years ago.

—The trial of Joseph Rhoddy, of Coalport, for the shooting of Solomon Ginter, in the former's bar-room, took place at Clearfield last week and resulted in a verdict of acquittal.

—Mr. George L. Fredericks, of this place, is about opening up a branch harness establishment at Coalport. The Coalport end of the business will be conducted by his brother, Harry Fredericks.

—The largest revenue that any half acre in Pennsylvania has yielded in vegetables for a single season was received by J. M. Palmer, of Kennett Square, for 400 bushels of onions grown within that space this year.

—Anna Pole, a domestic employed in a Johnstown family, turned the gas off when she went to bed on Saturday night and then accidentally turned it on again. She was discovered in time to prevent death.

—The grippe is having its own way at Huntingdon and is no respecter of persons. On Monday, Judge Furst, of Bellefonte, arrived in Huntingdon intending to hold court but on Tuesday he was down with the grippe and all the civil cases were continued.

—The report in some of the papers that Hon. Daniel McLaughlin, formerly of Johnstown, had died at his daughters residence in Harrisburg on last Sunday night is incorrect. The latest information says that Mr. McLaughlin who has been very ill is improving.

—Applications for carp fry, which are now ready for distribution, should be made to the following gentlemen: H. C. Ford, 1720 Vine street, Philadelphia; H. C. Demuth, Lancaster; W. L. Powell, Harrisburg; S. B. Stilwell, Scranton; Louis Streuber, Erie; G. H. Welshons, Pittsburg.

—Gabrielle Maliari, an Italian laborer, was struck by a locomotive while walking on the railroad near Cresson, on Monday afternoon and severely injured. He was taken to the Altoona hospital for treatment and it is doubtful if he recovers. He is about 65 years of age and had $170 dollars on his person when injured.

—A grand fair will be held in the Parochial Hall, Loretto, commencing Christmas evening and continuing until New Year's evening. Supper will be served each evening and dancing will be one of the attractions. A fine orchestra has been secured and the committee in charge will spare no labor to make all enjoy themselves. Go and have a pleasant time.

—During a row on Friday night among laborers on the Beech Creek extension in Clearfield county, a negro was killed by a companion named Allen. The trouble grew over a game of poker, one negro catching the other stealing cards. The murderer was caught and taken to the Clearfield jail while trying to make good his escape. A revolver was found on his person.

—Mr. W. D. Paynther, Superintendent of the Long Distance Telephone Company was in the city Monday. Mr. Paynther says the line will be in working order between here and Ebensburg and points west as far as Pittsburg, in a few days. The charge for five minutes talk to Ebensburg will be 25 cents, and to Pittsburg 50 cents, intermediate points 25 cents.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—Robert Rodgers and his sister, both old and single, lived in a small house in East Wheatfield township, Indiana county. Early on Monday morning the howling of their dog in the kitchen awakened them just in time to save them from cremation. They got out nothing but the dog, which Rodgers went after at great peril, being badly burned. He said the dog had saved his life and must not be deserted.

—Mrs. L. H. Linton, formerly of Ebensburg, but lately of Osborne, near Johnstown, has received notice of her appointment by the Pennsylvania Commissioners, of the World's Fair, to have charge of the Ladies' Department for Cambria county. The appointment is a good one and whatever the duties of the position may be, we are certain they will be performed with ability and with credit to the county.

—"He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," is as true to-day as when first uttered but in these days of speculation, when everyone is trampling over his fellowman in his haste to get rich, there are very few who are willing to risk that kind of security. There is an occasional exception and when mine host Cramer, of the Blair House, presented each of Ebensburg's editors with a turkey for Christmas, as he did last week, it goes to show that there are some men left who are willing to take chances on old fashioned security, without a waver of exemption and without asking the Lord to get an endorser.

—On Saturday night burglars entered the parsonage of St. Michael's church at Hollidaysburg by prying open a window in the kitchen. After getting in they proceeded to the front door and opened it to provide a means of quick escape, and then went up stairs. Father Hein happened to hear them, and thinking it was some one after him on a sick call, opened the door and in the dark asked what was wanted, when one of the parties fired a shot at him, the ball entering the wall close to him. He immediately shut the door, and going to a window gave an alarm, but the would-be assassins fled in the darkness before the arrival of help.

—On last Sunday morning, when Mrs. [illegible] Scanlan, of Cambria township, was on her way to church at Loretto, driving herself in a buggy, when near the new school at McMullen's, her horse was frightened by a blast and by the breaking of a holding-back strap, became unmanageable and started to run. Mrs. Scanlan jumped out of the buggy and was severely hurt but luckily escaped without receiving any permanent injury. It was at first reported that she had been kicked in the face by the horse but that story was incorrect. Although severely bruised and badly shocked, Mrs. Scanlan, we understand, is not seriously hurt.

—Judge Krebs, of Clearfield, is here during the trial of several cases in which Judge Barker was concerned in as counsel before his elevation to the bench.

—W. C. Baldwin, who served three months in jail for malicious mischief, was discharged on Monday and returned to his home in Johnstown. On Tuesday he was brought back, charged by his wife with surety of the peace. He will be on the retired list until March court, boarding at the expense of the county. If we had the whipping post it is but fair to presume that Mr. Baldwin would not be such a frequent customer.

—Secretary of state Harrity, Secretary of Internal Affairs Stewart, and Auditor General McCamant, the commission appointed to select a poling booth, have decided that it must be wholly or largely of metal, thus throwing out all those of wood or those of wood and canvas. There are 4,500 polling places in the state, and each one will need four or five booths, so the cost to the state will reach nearly $200,000, the metal booths costing anywhere from $5 to 10 each.

Railroad News.

Recent interesting developments here go to show that the war of railroads now being carried on in Clearfield county, between the Beech Creek and the Pennsylvania roads, will be carried into Cambria county. This is the conclusion arrived at by well-informed men at Johnstown regarding the new move of the Vanderbilts. It was announced yesterday that a deal had been closed by representative of the Vanderbilts last Saturday, by which they became the owners of over ten thousand acres of the finest coal lands in Cambria county. This is the last and heaviest purchase of coal lands made by these same people in the coal districts a few miles south of this city, where for the past few weeks they have been taking all the coal lands offered on a line from Clearfield county toward this city.

It is also said the new road will cross the Pennsylvania road at a point near South Fork, thence it will run into this city, probably connecting here with the Somerset & Rockwood Branch of the Baltimore & Ohio. Work will begin actively on this line early in the spring. Reports from lower Clearfield state that the work of running the Beech Creek road toward Johnstown is going on steadily, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the people, who are trying to occupy every available right of way tending either toward Cambria or Indiana county.—*Pittsburg Post*

It is rumored that the parties who have recently been buying up coal lands near Hooversville, are connected with the Beech Creek Railroad, and that that company propose extending their line through Cambria and Somerset counties.

The Bedford *Gazette* is authority for the statement that the Pennsylvania and West Virginia Railroad company have in contemplation the building of a branch railroad from the neighborhood of Schellsburg or New Paris to Johnstown, through Daily, Mock and Reitz, by Foust's Mill, on the mouth of Shade Creek, in this county. The Company's engineers have experimented on the east side of the Allegheny mountains for an available route, and their mining expert has examined the coal fields in the vicinity of Daily and Reitz.—*Somerset Herald.*

Shooting Affray at Moxham.

George Fleck, of Johnstown, on Saturday last employed Richard M. Cobaugh, of the same place, to haul some goods from Minersville to his father's house in Moxham, agreeing to pay for the work the sum of one dollar. When they reached the elder Fleck's residence, which was in the upper end of Moxham, Cobaugh insisted on charging a half dollar more on account of the distance being greater than was at first represented. Fleck replied that he had set up the beer a couple of times, which, with the $1, would be sufficient compensation for the work. Fleck had unloaded one box and carried it into his father's house, and was about taking another from the wagon when Cobaugh refused to let him have it, getting off the wagon and telling Fleck he would take the goods away unless the money was paid. Fleck replied that he would "give it to him very quick," and jumping up on the wagon, unlocked a trunk, and taking out a self-cocking revolver, snapped it once, and then pointing it at Cobaugh, fired. The ball struck Cobaugh in the left side, just below the ribs, taking a downward course, lodging in the interior of the abdomen. Fleck was placed under arrest and on Tuesday brought to jail. At last accounts young Cobaugh was improving and the probability is that he will recover.

Accidentally Shot.

G. W. Bachman, of Frugality, while out hunting on Saturday, stopped to rest on a log and placed the butt of his gun on the ground, with his right arm resting on the muzzle. While in this position his dog ran against the gun and knocked it down. In trying to catch the gun as it was falling, the hammers were pushed against the log, when both barrels exploded, and Mr. Bahman received the loads in the muscular part of the forearm, tearing away a large piece of flesh and riddling the upper portion of the arm with shot. After recovering from the shock he made his way home with difficulty, being very weak from the loss of blood, and was almost exhausted. His injuries were dressed by a local physician, who advised his removal to the Altoona hospital, where he was taken on Monday with the hopes that with care it may not be necessary to amputate the arm.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, December 16th, 1891:

G. W. Fleck and Annie Riechey, Johnstown.

Herbert Darling, New York, and Mary F. Young, Johnstown.

Tono Toiery and Margaret Carl, Dysart.

W. H. Bartlebaugh and Maggie Fox, Johnstown.

George W. Bush, Johnstown, and Delelah M. Eckels, West Taylor township.

J. B. Baughman and Mary E. Wonder, Blairsville, Pa.

John H. Dunmire, South Fork, and Minne E. Plummer, Portage.

Jules Ravez and Emma Bia, Hastings.

Joseph Dumruskey and Mary Ann Kusimsko, Blair county, Pa.

Died.

KIRSCH.—Died at his residence in Barr township on Thursday morning, December 10th, 1891, Mr. Joseph Kirsch, in the 60th year of his age.

The deceased was born in France in the autumn of 1832 and was the youngest son of the pioneer Joseph Kirsch, who came to this country in 1832 when the deceased was about three months old, and settled on the old homestead in January, 1833.

At the age of about seven years he lost his speech by sickness and never spoke again. Mr. Kirsh was married to Miss Catharine Schank, who, with three sons and three daughters, are left to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and loving father. May his soul rest in peace.

Christmas and New Year Excursions on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In pursuance of the custom long since established, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets between all stations on its lines for the Christmas and and New Year holidays at a rate of two cents per mile. These tickets will be sold December 23rd, 1891, to January 1st, 1892, inclusive, valid for return until January 5th, 1892, inclusive.

Court Proceedings.

We closed our report of the court proceedings on Thursday evening of last week when the jury in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Elmer Bruner retired to deliberate upon a verdict. The jury, after being out all night, came in when court called on Friday morning at 9 o'clock with a verdict of murder in the first degree. The announcement of the verdict appeared to have no visible effect on the prisoner and he remained stolidly indifferent. In the absence of Mr. Marshal, Mr. Evans asked to have the jury polled, which was done, each juror answering for himself as his name was called "guilty of murder in the first degree." Mr. Evans also made a motion for a new trial with leave to file reasons therefor. The motion for a new trial will be disposed of at argument court.

Commonwealth vs. George Corner, carrying concealed deadly weapons and pointing a pistol. Jury find defendant not guilty, and the defendant pay one-half the costs and the prosecutor, D. S. Burkhart, pay the other half.

Commonwealth vs. F. Burk, selling liquor to minors. Jury find defendant not guilty as indicted, but guilty of selling intoxicating drinks to Bert Spires whose name does not appear on the indictment.

Commonwealth F. N. Burk, keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant not guilty but that he pay one-half the costs and Thomas Munroe, the prosecutor, pay the other half.

Commonwealth vs. Henrietta Stickenhouse, John Stickenhouse and Henry Stickenhouse, larceny and receiving stolen goods. Jury find defendants not guilty of receiving stolen goods, but guilty of larceny.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Loto, larceny. Defendant plead guilty

Commonwealth vs. Mary Bowden, larceny. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Hertzog, assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs.

Commonwealth vs. James Karney, wilfully damaging property of livery stable keeper. Jury find defendant not guilty and the prosecutor, Al Young, to pay the costs.

SECOND WEEK.

Court met at 10 o'clock with Judge Barker on the bench. After the calling of the court Judge Barker imposed the following sentences upon parties who were tried last week:

Edward Miller and Frank Hagerty, larceny and receiving stolen goods, committed to the Huntingdon reformatory.

Blair Penlow, malicious mischief, to pay the costs and go to jail for ninety days.

Antonia Calentina, larceny, $5 fine and costs and three months in jail.

Mary Bowden, larceny, $5 fine and costs five months in jail.

Peter Loro, larceny, $5 fine and costs and six months in jail.

John McGuire, cruelty to animals, $1 fine and costs and twenty days in jail.

Mrs. Ann Wynn vs. Taylor, Son & Co., et al. Feigned issue. Jury find for plaintiff.

J. H. Glasgow vs. J. M. Watt. Feigned issue. By agreement issue dismissed, the docket costs to be paid equally, neither party to file a bill for witnesses, levy to be set aside and stricken off.

John Baslet vs. W. C. Schroth. Feigned issue. Jury find for defendant. Plaintiff's counsel moves for a new trial.

Thos. H. Greevy vs. Geo. M. Reade. Assumpsit. Continued by consent.

Edward Liberty vs. Dr. F. T. Overdorf. Trespass. Plaintiff becomes not suit.

E. A. Irvin vs John G. Gill et al. Jury find for the plaintiff the premises described in the writ.

Plack & Glunt vs. Chas. E. Troxell. Trespass. Continued.

Westmoreland & Cambria Natural Gas Company vs. Herald Publishing Co. Appeal. Non Assumpsit, etc. Defendant confesses judgment to be liquidated by Prothonotary.

Geo. Shaffer & Son vs. Catharine Helfrick et al. Sci Fa sur mechanics' lien. Continued at cost of defendants and peremptory order made for trial week commencing February 22, 1892.

Brown & Kimbal vs. J. H. Condon. Attachment execution. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $194.51.

Amanda Jane Barnes et al. vs. Michael Carroll. Ejectment. Continued at cost of plaintiffs and ordered for trial week commencing February 22, 1892.

Adam Lampert vs. Chas. Ingold. Assumpsit. Continued at cost of defendant.

Pittsburg Filing Co. vs. Charles Kropp. Assumpsit. Defendant confesses judgment for $60 and costs.

J. D. Edwards & Co. vs. Trustees U. P. Church. Assumpsit. Continued.

Strouse, Rothschild & Co. vs. John Coad, administrator. Assumpsit. Defendant confesses judgment for amount of plaintiff's claim, to be liquidated by the Prothonotary.

Executors of John Ryan vs. John Coad, administrator, et al. Assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff $593.43.

First National Bank, Pittsburg, vs. Johnstown Lumber Co. Assumpsit. Plaintiffs amend plea when defendants plead surprise and case continued.

Daniel Warner vs. Curry & Shook. Assumpsit. Settled.

M. A. O'Hara vs. A. W. Kayes. Appeal. Continued.

Sauger Rockwell & Co., vs. B. F. Horner. Appeal. Defendant confesses judgment for $15.

E. A. Irvin vs. George Kutruff et al. Ejectment. Jury find for plaintiff. Defendants move for a new trial.

Eliza A. Graham vs. J. B. Kagy. Noble chief, etc. Jury called and sworn when plaintiff becomes non-suit.

Josiah S. Oaks vs. John Betz et al. Assumpsit. Continued.

H. E. Walters & Co. vs. James A. Burk. Appeal. On trial.

A Dangerous Building.

The undersigned beg space in the always popular FREEMAN to call the attention of Catholic congregation at St. Augustine, this county, to the unsafe condition of their church, and we trust those to whom we address ourselves will not take the warning amiss. We found the part of the church we took down in a very dilapidated condition and wonder how the building stood so long. The building had spread sufficiently to permit the joists to fall from the collar beam; the iron rods were drawn so that the truss rafters were almost off the plate; the end ties were entirely rotten; one truss rafter was so badly decayed that two men, accidentally pulling on it, broke it all up; the sills of the side next to the road were so rotten that the studding had dropped through, and the tenants of nearly all the building taken down were rotted off. We could give many other reasons for our wonder. The plates of the building now standing are no more likely to be sound than those we took down. The sanctuary part is very unsafe, though the part of the church removed was no support to this part. The floor may drop with verp little provocation for want of a proper foundation. In our humble opinion the former St. Augustine church cost as much as would have built three handsome brick churches.

D. A. LUTHER, JR.
MICHAEL LUTHER.
JOSEPH KAYLOR.
ALOYSIUS FOX.

—The house of Mr. Evan Bennett, residing in Cambria township, about one mile north-east of Ebensburg, caught fire on Thursday afternoon of last week from a defective flue, but luckily was discovered in time to prevent any serious loss.

Reade Township Items.

"December is as pleasant as May."

The pork season is opening with a "squeal."

Mrs. John F. Hollen, of Glasgow, is greatly indisposed on account of a severe cold.

Mrs. Aggie Todd, *nee* Campbell, and husband, of Williamsburg, who were recently married, visited the former's brother, Mr. H. W. Campbell, of Glasgow, last week.

A protracted meeting under the auspices of the Baptist denomination is in progress at Mountain Dale.

"Aunt Betsy" Root, of Bellwood, a hale old lady of over 90 years of age, is visiting her brother, Perry Troxell, and others, at Roseland. Old "Aunt Betsy" possesses wonderful physical and mental ability.

Messrs. Lem. Troxell and W. E. Glasgow, of Reade township, served as grand jurors at the county capital last week.

F. H. Austin, of phrenological fame, was the guest last Wednesday of Prof. D. E. Hollen at Frugality.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Lottie Learn, teacher of the primary grade at Mountain Dale, is suffering with sore throat.

Mrs. A. R. Willhide, of Glasgow, a lady of refined taste and eminent artistic ability, is receiving instruction in the art of painting from Miss Esther Barr.

Some of the star nimrods of this locality indulged in a shooting match at George Kuhn's last Saturday.

Rev. M. G. Smith, of Mountain Dale, preached in the Roseland Baptist church last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Catharine Russel, of New Germany, this township, is suffering from a severe cold.

A force of workmen is engaged in erecting the new station at Glasgow. Mr. H. N. Hugus, of Punxsutawney, is the contractor. The building will be a neat and substantial structure, containing an office 10x20 feet and a ware room 18x20 feet. A porch will surround the entire building.

Miss Nannie Byres, daughter of Benjamin Byres, of Reade township, is lying seriously ill and her recovery is doubtful.

C. P. Pannebaker, editor of the Coalport *Standard*, passed this locality last week.

Joyous Christmas Time.

Christmas and New Year will soon be upon us, and "peace on earth and good will to men" will be the prevailing sentiment. Those who want to thoroughly enjoy themselves on this occasion should not fail to lay in a supply of choice old whiskies, Apple Jack, Peach Brandy, or any imported or domestic wine should not fail to send their orders to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa.

He wishes the public to know that for the next thirty days he will sell an absolutely pure Pennsylvania Rye Whiskey, seven years old, at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. All kinds of native wines at reduced prices, ranging from 50c. to $1.00 per quart, or from $5.00 to $10.00 per dozen. Goods neatly packed and shipped by express or freight upon receipt of registered letter, P. O. note, express order, or certified check. No goods sent C. O. D. If you want your goods for the holidays send your orders in at once.

Here are a few brands to select frow: Silver Age, $1.50 per full quart; Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt, or Bear Creek, $1.00 per full quart, or six quarts for $5.00; Guckenheimer four-year-old, 75 cents per quart; Anchor Rye, 50 cents per quart; Sherry Wine, Cataba, Angelica, Madeira, Port, or any other California Wines, 50 cents per quart, $5.00 per dozen.

Send for catalogue and price list of all kinds of liquors to MAX KLEIN,
85 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

For sale by J. & A. E. Bender, Ebensburg, Pa.

Presentment of the Grand Jury.

Last week the grand jury before their discharge made the following presentment:

To the Honorable A. V. Barker, President Judge of Courts of Cambria county:

The grand jury beg leave to submit to your Honor that we have made a thorough examination of the Cambria county almshouse, and find that establishment in first class order in every respect.

The steward and matron are to be congratulated upon the excellent management in which their department was found.

We also inspected the jail and found it conducted in the very best possible manner. Everything is neat and tidy throughout. It is a model institution.

The warden is also to be congratulated for the very excellent and methodical manner in which he conducts the institution.

(Signed) D. W. HARSHBARGER,
Foreman.

Ebensburg Pa., December 9, 1891.

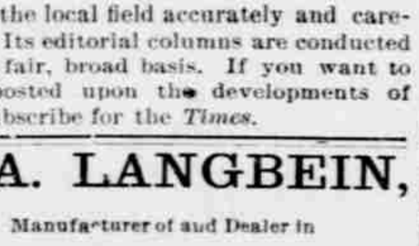
A Progressive Newspaper.

People who want to get the most and best reading for the least money should buy the Pittsburg *Times*. It is the only Pittsburg morning newspaper sold for one cent, yet it gives all the news and in more attractive shape than its contemporaries. It pays special attention to political movements, finance and trade, the industrial progress of Western Pennsylvania and the interests of workingmen. It gets the news of the world concisely by telegraph and covers the local field accurately and carefully. Its editorial columns are conducted upon a fair, broad basis. If you want to keep posted upon the developments of 1892, subscribe for the *Times*.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,



SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from	50c. up.
Team Bridles, from	$1 50 up.
Lap Dusters, from	40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from	$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from	$10.00 up.

☞Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr129tf

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In re petition of Peter Boley to have mortgage to William Logan Fisher by Sebastian Boley, dated 19th February, A. D 1850, for tract of land in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa. recorded in Recorder's office in Record Book, Vol 2, page 330, etc., marked satisfied.

The undersigned, having been appointed Commissioner to take and report testimony in above matter to Court, hereby gives notice that he will sit at Attorneys' Room, in Court House, Ebensburg, at 10 A. M. OF WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1892, for the purpose of performing the duties of said appointment. H. H. MYERS,
Ebensburg, Dec. 18, 1891.3t. Commissioner.

ESTRAY.

Came to the residence of the subscriber in Allegheny township, Cambria county, on or about the 15th of November, 1891, one red bull, supposed to be about one and a half years old, marked by piece cut off the left ear, and a piece cut off under the right ear. The owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed according to law. HENRY IVORY.
Allegheny township, Dec. 18, 1891.3t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between A. B. Krebs, of Lilly station, Pa., and M. C. Getty, of Indiana, Pa., under the firm name of A. B. Krebs & Co., was dissolved on the 21st day of July, 1891, by mutual consent, said M. C. Getty retiring. All debts owing to to the said partnership are to be received by said A. B. Krebs, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment. GETTY & KREBS.
Dec. 18, 1891.3t.

BALTZELLS'.

As Christmas draws near a pleasurable excitement prevails and even the air we breathe seems filled with a subtle elixir that makes us all young and cheerful and tender-hearted. After all it is not the cost of the gifts we make or receive, but the spirit that accompanies the act. So, toiling fathers and mother, sisters and brothers, friends and lovers do not grieve or be sore of heart because the gifts you have to bestow upon your loved ones are small in intrinsic value, but make the spirit of love and kindly feeling so palpable as not to be unfelt or misunderstood and they would not be exchanged for the costliest offerings by the happy recipients.

To lighten your work and to quicken sales we offer a list of a few appropriate articles that could be selected from our stock in all prices, not one but which would make a pleasing gift. Beside these there are hundreds of prettier and cheaper things suitable for children and grown people also. See if this list does not suggest something you have not thought of before:

Piano lamp,
China dinner set,
Beautiful rug,
Handsome mirror,
Choice pair towels,
Banquet lamp,
Pair gloves,
Beautiful muff,
Set toilet baskets,
Pair gum boots,
Tiny night lamp,
Pretty wine set,
Japanese tea pot,
Down head rest,
Linen table set,
Ladies' silk hose,
Fine umbrella,
Handsome scarf,
Pair carvers,
Decorated fish set,
Hanging lamp,
Water set,
Cigar set,
After dinner coffees,
Berry sets,
Mush and milk sets,
Cups and saucers,
Fruit plates,
Desert saucers,
Butter Dishes,
Cracker jars,
Necklaces,
Piano scarfs,
Lambrequins,
Table scarf,
Pocket books.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Jacob Mause.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Mause, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to P. A. SYBERT,
Executor of Jacob Mause, deceased.
Gallitzin, Pa., Nov. 5, 1891. 11 13-6t.

JOHN F. STRATTON & SON,
43 & 45 Walker St. NEW YORK.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, Harmonicas, &c., all kinds of Strings, etc., etc.

Wonderful! Startling!

GENUINE

Bargain -. Sale!

--AT--

SIMONS' BIG STORE!

NOW

Is the time when you have to buy and the time when you have to buy cheap. We will assist you and can assure you that **ONE DOLLAR** spent in our store will go as far as **ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF** elsewhere. To be convinced see prices:

Grocery Department.

25 lbs. brown sugar, $1; 23 lbs. soft white sugar, $1; 21 lbs. granulated sugar, $1; Dilworth coffee, 22c.; Arbuckle coffee, 22c.; good green coffee, 19c. All other groceries sold in proportion.

In Meats,

we can not be undersold. Good shoulder, 8c. per lb.; prime ham, 12c. per lb.; clear sides, 11c per lb; fine Bologna, 7c. per lb; Ohio cream cheese, 13c; good Swiss cheese, 18c.

Flour

in ten different brands. Vienna flour, the best in the land, $1.50 per sack.

Ladies' Coats.

Fine all wool Reefers, $3; Jersey Coats, $3; Fur Trimmed Reefers, $5. Beautiful line to select from. See them!

Clothing Department.

Men's all wool good dress suits, all colors, $7; Men's fine worsted suits, blue or black, $10. Our line of Overcoats is larger than ever and at prices to suit you!

Dry Goods.

There was a time when ladies of our town, in need of a new dress, had to go to large places to make the selection. Those days are past. Our line of Dress Goods is as perfect and complete as is seen anywhere.

Furniture.

Right with us is the place to come for your Furniture. It is not the prices alone that bring us the trade. No! Our reputation is established for handling the most stylish and durable Furniture in town.

We have been with you many years and always tried to sell you goods cheap, very cheap. Really, quick sales and small profits have brought us the large trade we now enjoy, and we will always treat our patrons so that they will feel satisfied to come again.

SIMON - & - CO.,
LEADERS OF LOW PRICES,
GALLITZIN, PENN'A.

Iron City College.

N. W. CORNER PENN AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURG, PA

TWENTY THREE THOUSAND GRADUATES

The largest and most progressive Business College in the United States. Send for new illustratep catalogue giving full particulars, mailed free. Address,
dec4 5t. J. C. SMITH'S SON.

Miscellaneous Notices.

MR. ROBERT EVANS, the well known furniture dealer in Ebensburg, has among his large assortment of Furniture some Handsome Chairs that would come in very appropriately in selecting a fine Christmas Gift. Go and see you will certainly be pleased with them.

WHEN looking for Christmas presents you will do well to see what Carl Rivinius has to show you. It won't cost you anything to examine his large stock to select from. We are convinced that you will be pleased.

CARL RIVINIUS has just received a large assortment of one Set Rings, including Diamonds, which you should see. They are just the thing for your sisters or sweethearts. Also, a large selection of Gold Watches for ladies and gentlemen, gold pens, and Gold Spectacles for your parents.

WANTED!—Furs of all kinds, for which the highest market prices will be paid. Bring them in. G. L. FREDERICKS,
oct30 Ebensburg, Pa.

I INVITE all lovers of music to come and see the FINEST MUSIC BOOK EVER PRINTED containing 368 pages of the choicest Music, Vocal and Instrumental, and 32 full page portraits of the leading composers. Just the very thing to make a nice present to your music loving friends. I am convinced you will be highly pleased with it. It comes in Cloth and Morocco. The book is named "Our Hearts' Delight."
CARL RIVINIUS.

FOR RENT.—The Central Hotel, formerly the A. J. Christy hotel, Loretto, Pa. Address
M. F. M'DONALD, Agent,
Nov. 27. Loretto, Pa.

HAVING received a nice selection of Vienna Chinaware and Glassware, I invite your particular attention to these articles when making purchases for presents. The "Engagement Cups" are the latest out and you should not fail to see them. CARL RIVINIUS.

STRICTLY No. 1 Road Carts for $10.00 at Dufton & Son's.

GENUINE Irish horse collars for $3.00 at Duftons'.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Edward McGlade, of Portage, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and Catharine, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, accepted the 7th December, 1891, have assigned to John A. Doyle: of the city of Altoona, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of said Edward McGlade, all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edward McGlade. All persons indebted to the said Edward McGlade will make immediate payment to the said assignee, and those having claims or demands will present them without delay. JOHN A. DOYLE.
Assignee of Edward McGlade.
December 11, 1891.3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of Thomas W. Adams.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Adams, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to JOHN BARNETT,
AMANDA ADAMS,
Executors of Thomas W. Adams, deceased.
Allegheny Twp., Dec. 4, 1891.

NONE BETTER IF ANY SO GOOD.

Life Insurance Agents can sell more insurance for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Boston, Mass., than for any other company doing business in this state. Good agents can secure the best of contracts. Address
W. S. STIMMEL,
Gen. Agent for Western Penna., Pittsburg, Pa.
Annual Dividends. Cash Values.
Organized in 1862. dec4.3t

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber in Allegheny township on or about the 1st of November, 1891, one small red cow, about six years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.
T. L. PARRISH.
Dec. 4th, 1891.

ANNUAL ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual election of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the secretary in Ebensburg, on Monday, January 11, 1892, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.
T. W. DICK,
Dec. 11th, 1891.3t. Secretary.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5** to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free,** by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Harrison Kinkead Esq., late of the borough of Ebensburg, in the county of Cambria, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them, properly authenticated for settlement. GEO. A. KINKEAD.
FERGUS C. LLOYD.
Administrators of H. Kinkead, Esq., deceased.
Ebensburg, Pa., November 6th, 1891.3t.

FARM FOR RENT.

The subscriber offers for rent his farm in Munster township, along the line of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad, about two miles from Cresson. Farm contains about 70 acres, about 60 cleared. Possession given on 1st of April. Call on or address the the subscriber at Loretto, Pa.
JAMES NOON.
Feb. 27, 1891.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For term or particulars call on or address
JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law.
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7 '8-9

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞Office on Centre street, near High.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BUSH No. 163 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

THOSE

OVERCOATS!

They are Beauties.
Have you seen them?
They are in our store.
Come and look at them.
And you can look at something else at the same time.

Our - Stylish - Suits!

And our nobby Winter Caps,
Ulsters, Reefers, Shirts,
Pants, Stockings, Mittens,
Gloves, Ties, Collars, Cuffs,
and Underwear.
Try our new Oil Coats.

J. B. WILBER,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,

—DEALERS IN—

General.·.Merchandise,

CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

READ THE FREEMAN

NEW THINGS IN THE MOON

Photography Reveals Unknown Objects on the Planet.

Interesting Discoveries Made by Astronomers Through the Use of the Telescope—Lunar Craters and Chasms.

Astronomical photograpay has accomplished many wonderful results, but nothing perhaps more surprising than its discoveries upon the moon, says the New York Sun. The moon is so near by and has been so carefully studied with the most powerful telescopes for hundreds of years that the astronomers had come to think that they knew pretty much all about it, or at least about that face of the moon which is turned toward the earth. But it turns out that photography possesses the power to reveal things upon the moon which cannot be seen by the eye even with the aid of the best of telescopes. A careful study of the negatives of the moon made with the aid of the great Lick telescope has revealed the existence of many unknown objects there, including great crater mountains and rifts or chasms in the surface of the moon, as well as some of those mysterious objects which go under the descriptive name of bright streaks or rays.

Near the great crater which we call Copernicus another crater of nearly equal dimensions is shown upon the negatives, although it is absent from the most elaborate maps of the moon, and cannot be seen even with the Lick telescope, except when the magic eye of the camera, instead of the human retina, is applied to look for it. When it is considered that this mysterious crater represents the remains of a mountain ring more than fifty miles in diameter it appears exceedingly strange that it should escape detection by the telescope when directed to the moon, and yet be visible upon a photograph of the moon. The reason appears to be that the walls of this newly discovered crater were long ago destroyed, being razed by some denuding force nearly to the level of the surrounding surface. It is, consequently, but the remnant of a great crater ring. Even in that condition, however, it would be visible to the eye but for the fact that its huge neighbor, Copernicus, whose walls are still standing to a great height, is surrounded by enormous masses of luminous material, which looks like lava, that must have overflowed the surrounding country ages ago, and reflects back the light of the sun to our eyes with overpowering brilliancy. The glare of this broad reflecting surface, covering hundreds of square miles, is so great as to conceal the comparatively low relief of the broken crater ring.

In fact, it is not improbable that Copernicus is responsible for the disappearance of the other great crater, which doubtless was the predecessor of Copernicus, and once towered up to an equal height above the surrounding plains. After it had ceased to be an active volcano, and Copernicus had burst forth, the latter probably overwhelmed it with torrents of lava, which, filling up the space within its broken walls nearly to the level of their tops, submerged it, so to speak, beneath the new surface thus formed, so that only the summit of its broken walls remains to be caught by the acute vision of the photographic plate.

In other parts of the moon similar events appear to have taken place, and there are a number of large craters, enormously greater than any volcanic craters upon the earth, which seem to have been buried by the outburst of lava from subsequently-formed volcanoes in their neighborhood, so that only portions of their mountain walls now remain visible.

Another discovery, also arising from inspection of the negatives made with the Lick telescope, relates to the wonderful system of bright rays surrounding the most perfect crater in the moon, Tycho. This extinct volcano is some fifty-four miles in diameter, and is surrounded on the outer side of its lofty walls by a comparatively level region, some twenty-five miles broad, of a much darker hue than that of the crater itself, or of the surrounding country beyond. The hundreds of great streaks which radiate from Tycho like the spokes of a wheel, varying in width from ten to twenty or thirty miles, and in length from a few miles to nearly two thousand miles, having always appeared, when viewed with a telescope alone, to take their rise from the outer edge of the dark rim surrounding the crater, but the Lick negatives show that some of the streaks at least pass through this dark rim and extend clear up to the very walls of the crater. The suggestion that these mysterious streaks had their origin in the volcanic energy of Tycho when it was still an active crater is strengthened by this evidence that the streaks actually reach to the crater itself.

These discoveries are likely to give renewed interest to the study of the moon's surface, and while it is perhaps too much to expect that a great deal of light will be thrown by astronomical photography upon the question whether evidences of the present or former existence of life upon the moon can be detected from the earth, yet there can be no question that a new method of attacking the many problems that still remain to be solved concerning the character and condition of our satellite has been placed within the reach of astronomers.

GRATIFIED CURIOSITY.

The Young Man Pressed the Button and Put Out the Lights.

A gentleman recently gave a house-warming party, having just moved into a new dwelling. A large company was invited, and the entire mansion was thrown open to the guests. The house was modern in its appointments to the last degree, even to be lighted with electricity instead of gas.

One young man among the guests saw much to arouse his curiosity and was on the alert for new discoveries.

A celebrated singer had just taken her place at the piano, when this young man, who was standing in the lower hall near the parlor door, caught sight of something that looked like a black rubber button in the center of a small marble disk. What could that be for?

He was so anxious to know that he could not listen to the singer, says London Tid-Bits. The crowd was great, and he felt sure he could examine the curiosity without being noticed. He passed his hand over it slyly, touched the rubber or metal button with his fingers, pressed it softly, and on the instant the parlors and hall were in total darkness.

The song of the soprano was ended in a little shriek, and the air was full of exclamations.

"Pray keep perfectly quiet," the voice of the host was heard saying. "We will have lights in a moment."

Grouping his way through the crowd, stepping on their toes, striking against them and putting his outstretched hands into shrinking faces, the chagrined host finally made his way into the hall, felt along the wall until he touched the electric button, pressed it and the rooms were again flooded with light.

The inquisitive young man hadn't presence of mind enough to hold his tongue.

"Oh, is that what that thing is for?" he said. "I didn't know, or I—I—I—would not have touched it."

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A CHILDLESS HOME.

Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living, child of my own," Smith often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of healthy offspring unless she herself is in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing-down pains and functional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a soverign and *guaranteed* remedy for all these ailments.

Worn-out, "run-down," feeble women, need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It builds them up. It's a powerful, restorative tonic, or strength-giver—free from alcohol and injurious drugs. The entire system is renewed and invigorated. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, gives refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength.

It's the only *guaranteed* medicine for women, sold by druggists.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after June 7th, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp	2 55 A M	Day Exp	11 04 A M
Western Exp	4 43 A M	Mail	9 38 A M
Johnstown Exp	8 27 A M	Altoona Exp	1 00 P M
Pacific Exp	8 45 A M	Mail Exp	4 57 P M
Mail	4 26 P M	Phila Exp	8 13 P M
Fast Line	8 47 P M	Eastern Exp	10 17 P M
Way Pass	2 36 P M	Fast Line	11 22 P M

STATIONS.	Dist.	NORTH. Irvona Exp.†	NORTH. Church Train†	NORTH. Fast Line*	NORTH. Mail*	SOUTH. Pacific Exp*	SOUTH. Mail*	SOUTH. Church Train†	SOUTH. Cresson Exp†
Cresson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wildwood†	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dawson†	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Amsbry†	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ashville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dysart	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Condron†	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dean	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Frugality	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Ormer	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fallen Timber	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Flynn City	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Coalport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rosebud†	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Irvona	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only.
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.

Denny's, Moore's and Cristie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.

No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 38 for points east of Cresson.

No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.

From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9 38, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.

No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 4 57 from points west of Cresson.

Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.

Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Coalport or Irvona.

Stations marked "†" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.

W. P. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent.
F. J. BURGOON, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect June 7th 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp	2 55 a m	Day Exp	11 04 a m
Western Exp	4 43 a m	Mail	9 38 a m
Johnstown Exp	8 27 a m	Altoona Exp	1 00 p m
Pacific Exp	8 45 a m	Mail Exp	4 57 p m
Mail	4 26 p m	Phila Exp	8 16 p m
Fast Line	8 47 p m	Eastern Exp	10 17 p m
Way Pass	2 33 p m	Fast Line	11 22 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3 P M
Ebensburg		7 30	10 25	3 35
Bradley	3.0	7 40	10 31	3 44
Kaylor	4 8	7 46	10 35	3 50
Noel	6.1	7 51	10 38	3 55
Munster	7.5	7 56	10 41	4 00
Lucket	9.6	8 03	10 45	4 08
Cresson	11 3	8 10	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M
Cresson		9 45	11 10	5 05
Lucket	1.7	9 50	11 20	5 15
Munster	3 8	9 55	11 29	5 22
Noel	5.3	9 59	11 35	5 28
Kaylor	6.5	10 02	11 41	5 33
Bradley	8 3	10 07	11 47	5 42
Ebensburg	11.3	10 15	12 01	5 55

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations.
No trains on Sunday.

PASTOR KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

A Perfect Success.

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.
Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness in the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.
FERDINAND BRENN.

274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.
A young man of 32 years, affected with epilepsy for over 20 years and a very bad case, having at least 10 to 12 fits daily, after using all kinds of medicines without benefit, used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the desired effect.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876 and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5.
Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

1794. 1891.

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OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

DOUBLE & SINGLE ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Send stamp for Price List. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Seines, Nets. Double Breech-Loading Shot Guns, choke-bored, $9 to $50; Single Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $5 to $25; Breech-Loading and Repeating Rifles, $2.50 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double Shot Guns, $6 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers, $1 to $20; Double-Action Self-Cockers, $2.50 to $10. Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Flasks, Pouches, Primers. Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 706 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

apl8.2m.

HE KNEW HIS FATE.

Gambler Who Held the Fatal Hand of Jacks Full on Red Sevens.

I was watching a game of poker once at Helena, Montana, says a writer in the Chicago Herald. The players were a gambler whom I knew slightly and who bore the sobriquet of "Lucky Bill" and two miners. Suddenly, after the cards were dealt and the players had "chipped in" and drawn cards, Lucky Bill, with perfect calmness and not so much as a shadow of a change in the expression of his face, laid the cards on the table, took a note book from his pocket and deliberately wrote a few words. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to me.

"Look at that when you get home tonight."

His voice was steady, and did not betray a particle of excitement. I thrust the paper aimlessly into my pocket, and gave the matter hardly a second thought.

The play progressed. Lucky Bill's face was unyielding as a stone and entirely unexpressive. He noticed everything, however, and his vigilant eye did not miss the slighest move on the part of the other players. He was a typical gambler, and one of the most successful of his guild. Hence the sobriquet.

At last there was an altercation between the two miners. Hot words ensued and revolvers were drawn. Some of the bystanders interfered at this point, and in the struggle that followed I heard the sharp whistle and sping of a bullet. Lucky Bill, his good star in the descendant, fell to the ground and expired without a groan. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of one of the miners.

I was horrified at the occurrence, and that evening, after I reached home, I thought of the line the gambler had written me. I took it from my pocket and read as follows:

"I have drawn a pair of sevens. I now hold jacks full on red sevens. It is a fatal hand. No one ever yet held it and left the card table alive. I shall die. I have six thousand dollars in the First national bank of Bismarck. Notify my mother, Mrs. ——, of Franklin, Ky."

HORRIFIED HEATHENS.

A Chinaman's Impressions of Christian Manners.

Our free and easy way of courting is puzzling to our Celestial brethren. Yuan Hsing-fo recently wrote in "Temple Bar" some of his impressions of English and American methods of wooing.

"Besides invitations to dinner," he writes, "there are invitations to tea parties, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes an equal number of men and women assemble, and tea, sugar, milk, bread and the like are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are these invitations to skip and posture when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man.

"Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip, posture and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping 'tanshen' (dancing)."

Another Chinese writer in a Chinese illustrated paper, the "Hiva Pao," tries to explain this same curious proceeding.

"Western etiquette requires," he says, "the man in search of a wife to write to the girl's home and agree upon some time and place for a skipping match. The day arrives, youth in red and maid in green, they come in pairs to the brilliant, spacious hall, where, to the emulous sound of flute and drum, the youth clasping the maiden's waist and the maid resting upon her partner's shoulder, one pair will skip forward, another prance backward round and round the room until they are forced to stop for want of breath.

"After this they will become acquainted, and then, by occasional attentions over a bottle of wine or exchange of confidence at the tea table, their intimacy will deepen, the maiden's heart become filled with love, and they will mate."

MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

The Striking Contrast Sometimes Seen Between Them.

What a contrast there is in the general appearance of some men and their wives. Some of them look as if they had made a mistake and gobbled up a woman that ought to have been some other man's wife, and some women—a good many women—look like victims of some kind of a mistake. It is not uncommon, says the Chicago Herald, to see women dressed with all respect to the latest designs sent out by Worth or Felix, while the husband seems grateful that he has enough money left to buy even "misfits." This attracts no particular attention, but one's heart will get to aching for the little pallid-faced and meek-looking woman who wears a plush cloak and alapaca dress, while the husband is radiant in fresh new suits, tan-colored gloves, silk hat and red rose in buttonhole. I spent an hour in with the pale-faced woman and radiant husband yesterday. It was in a steam car. There were four children with them, the oldest about six years. The wife had on, in addition to the plush cloak, a rusty black hat and gray veil. The children were dressed beautifully. How they loved her! One little fellow came back to kiss her about twice in five minutes. It was "Oh, mamma, isn't that lovely?" and "How long will it be before we are there, mamma?" and "Are you glad we are going?" and "Dear mamma." She gave them some fruit. They would not eat it until mamma had a "bite." The father was radiant, and dignified and grand. He never got a kiss, nor a "bite," nor a glance from those four children. He paid their fare and looked out of the window. He had his fine clothes, but the mother was rich in all the love that could fill little hearts.

NAMES FOR GIRLS.

The Increasing Partiality in Parents for Picturesque Designations.

It is interesting to note from time to time the prevailing characteristics of the age as reflected in the Christian names of the rising generation. If young people were allowed to choose their own names as soon as they were capable of doing so, or if, as it has been suggested, they were allowed to revise their Christian names, say on being confirmed or on reaching their majority, the tendencies of the time would be still more clearly observable. As it is, however, anyone who has reached the age of thirty is in a position to note the great change which has come over the spirit of personal nomenclature in the last couple of decades.

One has only to look over the list of prize winners at a girls' school to become convinced of the increasing partiality of parents for romantic designations for their offspring. There is less temptation to indulge in romance in naming a boy. Still there is always the danger that a girl's temperament and career will belie her name, if the name happens to be one with any remarkable associations. It does not follow that Stella will show a taste for astronomy or Undine for swimming. Hence, so long as individuals are bound to stick to their Christian names all their lives, the more discreet parents will continue to avoid the unbridled indulgence in their passion for the picturesque.

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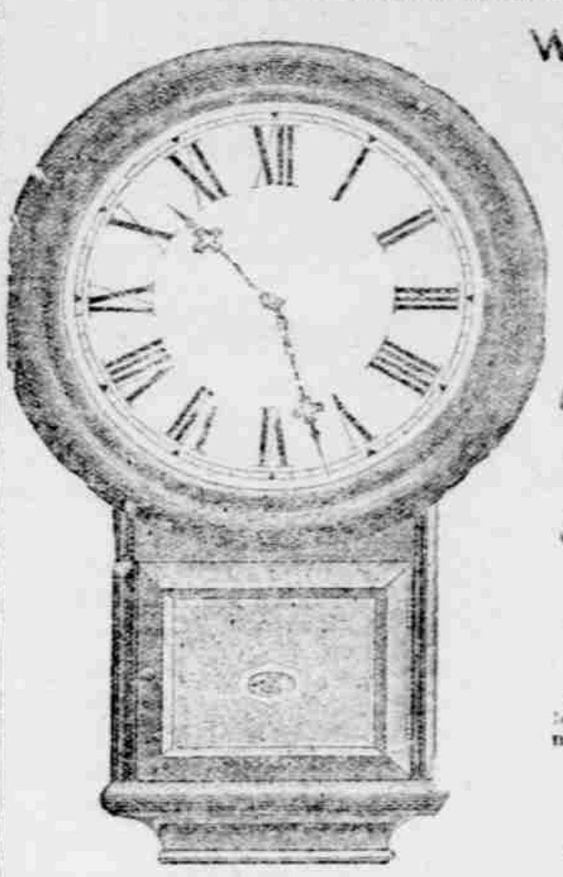

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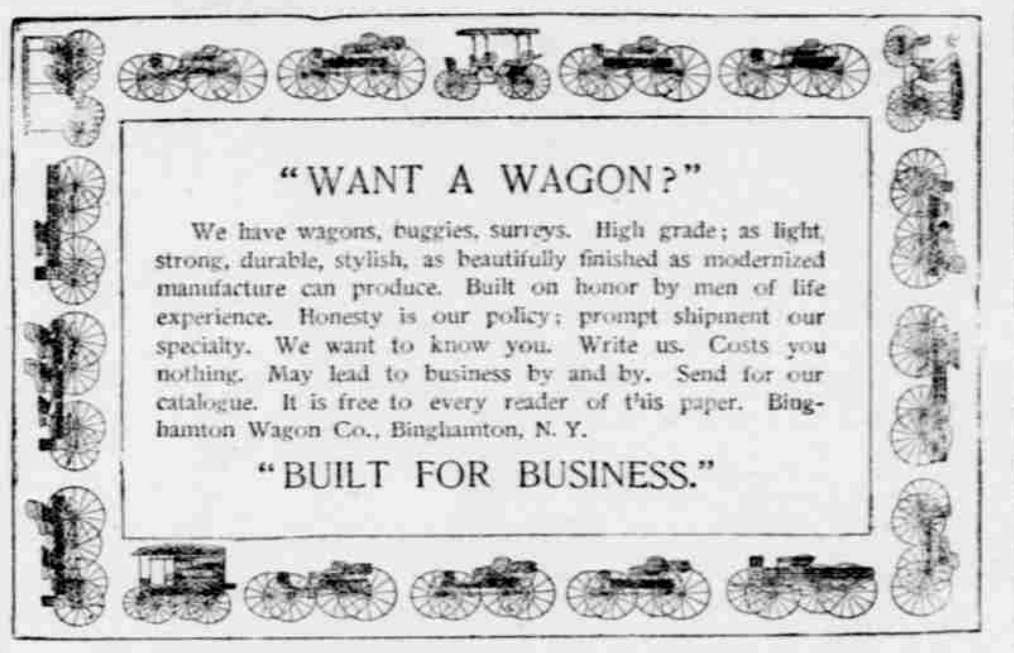

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Ely's Cream Balm

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CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD
HAY FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM
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Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores.

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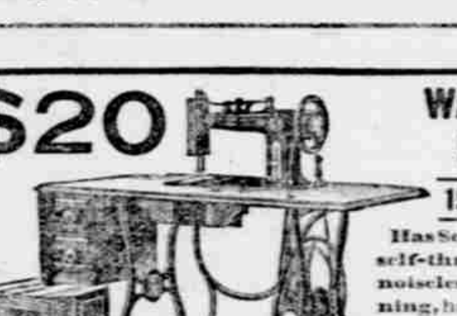
HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

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THE DUNCE ALL RIGHT.

Time Brings Compensation to the Youth Who Was at the Foot of the Class.

When the luckless West Point cadet who brought up the rear of the graduating class appeared before Secretary Proctor for his diploma that dignitary first disconcerted him with a fixed and strong gaze, then reassured him with the kindly remark:

"Well, young gentleman, the officer who holds the left of the line has sometimes great opportunities."

The man who holds the last place in the graduating class to-day is a general object of commiseration, says the Chicago Mail. At him the shafts of wit are leveled, and the scornful glances of the faculty directed. Not for him is the glory of pronouncing impassioned eulogies upon the great men of the past. The hackneyed pathos of the valedictory, and the labored joyousness of the salutatory, do not engage his sluggish and uninspired pen.

While the shining class have been industriously cribbing the great thoughts of great authors for incorporation in their own genius-born orations, he has, perchance, been inventing new and improved methods of applying the surreptitious "pony" to the passage of examinations, or making topographical surveys of the college town for the means of discovering a line of retreat to the railway station uninfested with creditors, and free from the presence of diseased college windows. Commencement week is a very sorry time for the "tail-enders."

But somehow, after describing the classic precincts of alma mater, he is surprised to discover that not only does the heedless world know not that he lagged superfluous at a class end, but that nobody cares whether he ever saw a college at all. This is a surprise to him, but a veritable shock to the valedictorians, "honor men," and other shining lights of the college, who expect to be greeted with effusion by a world eager for oratory and crying loud for prize poems in Alexandrine meter.

Here is where the dunce finds his advantage. Encouraged by the fact that no one seems to care about his college record he braces up. The "honor man" on the contrary, disgusted by the lack of appreciation of the vulgar world, loses heart. The result is that the commencement day question: "What is to become of the dunces who bring up the rear?" is replaced in class reunions twenty-five years later by the surprised inquiry: "What the dickens became of the valedictorian?" Life and time bring their compensations as surely as the night brings out the stars.

"OLD GLORY" IN AFRICA.

Wild Animals of the Jungle Wearing the Stars and Stripes.

A private letter from a member of the Dunlevy-Hotchkiss expedition, on the upper Congo, recently received in this city, says the San Francisco Examiner, contained the following unique incident:

"We were dozing through our midday siesta yesterday, July 4, when we heard the approaching tread of a herd of large animals. Whitson, who is also an American and a veteran of the war, said: 'That sounds almost like a troop of cavalry charging, does it not?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'it would hardly surprise me to see the regiment's flag burst out from the edge of the wood there.'

"You may imagine our stupefaction when this very thing happened. A tattered American flag came streaming through the bushes of this remote African jungle, and its bearer halted for a moment, with his companions, directly in front of our camp. The colors were attached to the mane of a huge giraffe, whose towering neck bore its frayed remnants aloft like a flagstaff. One of our Zulu bearers informed us that Stanley, near three years ago, had thus decorated five of these animals, caught in a corral, and turned them loose again—his object being to mystify the Wambesi, who regarded him as a powerful medicine man or sorcerer."

IN THE LAND OF NOD.

Strange Expedient Resorted to by a Sufferer from Sleeplessness.

"I own an empty palace in a strange country," said a congressman who suffers from insomnia the other day to a Washington Star reporter. "When I am trying to get to sleep I visit it. It is a dismal edifice, built in the form of a square and ever so many stories high, with but one entrance at the front. A corridor runs all around it within, and inside the building there is a great open court upon which every room looks out. There are forty rooms on each side of each story opening on the corridor. I make it my business at such times to inspect them. None of them are locked, because there is nothing to steal.

"I am obliged to examine all the rooms, and for this purpose I begin with No. 1 on the northwest corner and follow the numbers along. Each door I come to I must open, and after looking in shut it again. In this way I inspect each of the forty rooms on the west side. A brief look is sufficient, because they are all precisely alike and have no furniture in them. Then I keep on along the south side, opening each door and shutting it in its turn. Thus I pursue my way around until I have finished with all the eighty rooms on the first floor, arriving at the northwest corner again. At that corner is an elevator conducted by the only living being in the edifice. He is deaf and dumb.

"He transports me to the second floor, where I inspect all the eighty rooms in the same fashion. It is monotonous work. They are all precisely like those below—none of them is occupied or has any furniture. Once in awhile I enter one of the apartments, go to the single window at the further end and look out upon the court. It is empty.

"When I have finished the second floor the deaf and dumb man conveys me by the elevator to the third story. I do that in like manner, and after it the fourth, the fifth and so on. The task is a tiresome one. I have to keep the run of the numbers of the rooms, or else go back to the northwest corner on whatever floor I may happen to be and begin over again. There is an indefinite number of stories, so that sooner or later I am bound to fall asleep. In fact I can get to sleep easier at that work than in any other way, and I recommend every one who suffers from insomnia to have a palace like mine in the land of nod with a deaf and dumb man to run the elevator."

He Stood Pat.

It was on a Sixth avenue surface car. A young woman occupied one end of a seat and a young man the other. The young woman was perfectly sober; the young man had indulged in three glasses of beer. The conductor came along the outside of the car to collect the fares, and as the young woman was far away she handed her nickel to the young man. He received it, looked at her for a moment through his tears, and then said as he passed it on:

"I accept the responsibility and thank you for the confidence reposed in my integrity. Never beat a woman on a street car out of a nickel in my life. Booze a little now and then, but I stand pat on my record for honesty."

She started to look confused and embarrassed, but he fell asleep in about half a minute and she changed her mind.—M Quad, in N. Y. World.

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EXPENSIVE OUTINGS.

How Pleasure Seekers Are Bled at the Resorts.

What It Costs the "Bloods" to Tarry for a Brief Season at the Seaside—Daylight Robbers and Dry Land Pirates.

What do you think it costs to be a swell at a fashionable summer resort, anyway? says the Philadelphia Inquirer. What do you think of forty dollars a day? The statistics are interesting. Take Newport for instance. At a good hotel you pay: One room, four dollars a day; one double room [illegible] you in the room, eight dollars [illegible] meeting rooms for one person, where four could be accommodated, [illegible] dollars a day. All-season guests get a substantial reduction from [illegible] per diem. Regulars or all-[illegible] journers are picked [illegible] cells at eighteen to forty dollars per week. This without extras, which run up quite formidably at the end of the week. Extras include baths, the meals sent to the rooms and boots. It is estimated that ten dollars a week would be a small sum for the victim of the tip-hunter to get rid of once the word was passed that a sucker had come to town. The minute a man arrives he is brushed fifty times a day if he will but submit to such [illegible] he is whacked, twisted and dusted until he begins to feel that if he has his socks left on him at nightfall and doesn't have to send for a barrel to walk to the hotel in he will be a lucky man. It costs ten cents for a pitcher of ice water, three to seven cents advance on the regular price of every newspaper, twenty-five cents to the waiter—or a badly served dinner the next day—twenty-five cents for a bottle of beer, and so on, ad nauseum.

Should a visitor go to the Casino and take lunch, then he has fallen in with the Philistines. They are the daylight robbers for you, and they are the pirates on dry land. An ordinary lunch with a bottle of wine, taken solus, breaks the heart of a five dollar bill; a lunch for self and two fair friends makes twenty dollars vanish into thin air. But the cottagers are the ones who make the money fly. Some of them are known to spend one hundred dollars a week on fruits alone. They simply throw money away, and it costs them not less than from five to ten thousand dollars a season to stop there. Most of them board their horses as well as their coachman and footman. The young blood can spend a great deal. He pays anywhere from one to three hundred dollars for a supper for six or eight friends, and if he gives a dinner to a choice selection of belles he throws in another one hundred dollars on flowers and hand-painted menu cards. A quiet corner in the Casino tower and the fizzing of champagne lower his exchequer fifty to seventy-five dollars in an evening and make his boon companions happy. He eats broiled live lobsters, washed down with a fizz, and is out say fifty [illegible] He hires the big [illegible] twelve friends, has a run to Point Judith and back, clears the dust from the twelve parched throats while a lunch is being prepared and finds another one hundred dollars gone to the dogs. Yachting he doesn't indulge in, for there are no yachts to be had unless it is that of a friend who has dropped into port for a day. He pays four dollars a bottle for wine, forty cents for a mint julep, thirty cents for a cocktail and twenty-five cents for a small bottle of lager. Brandy and soda stands him in for seventy-five cents and every time he orders a drink he is mulcted by the waiter, who ingeniously arranges the change so that a dime or a quarter sticks in the center of the tray. And what man who wants the world to believe that he is blooded will fish for the coin? The Casino waiters make a good day's pay each out of tips worked in that way.

The story comes from Cape May of a man who paid one hundred and ninety dollars for himself and family for three days. It isn't every man who can afford to pay sixty dollars per day for the necessaries of life. Up in the Catskills is another place where the "bloods" spend money. But you can live here for a few dollars a day if you want to. The result of these inquiries is that there is no limit to the price one can pay for a summer outing, but it is not likely that the man who spends fifty dollars a day gets any more enjoyment than the man who spends three dollars.

A SENSATION SPOILED.

And How an Attempt to Frighten the Druggist Failed.

A weary-looking young woman came into a Second avenue drug store which a New York World reporter was waiting for the shower to pass over and plaintively said to the druggist:

"I have had another quarrel with Mike, and I do not care to live any longer!"

"Yes, just so, just so," he replied as he briskly rubbed his hands together. "Anything I can do for you to-day?"

"I think I will take strychnine," she slowly replied, as she cast her eyes along the shelves.

"Exactly, ma'am; finest strychnine in New York. I suppose you want about a dime's worth."

"Would arsenic be better?" she asked as he held the jar in his hands.

"No better, but fully as good, ma'am. I have a fine lot of arsenic on hand just now, and can warrant it full strength. Just make a ham sandwich and spread on fifteen cents' worth."

"Mebbe," she drearily replied as she waited, "mebbe rough on rats would be better?"

"Just as you think, ma'am. Give you a selection from two dozen boxes of fresh stock only yesterday. It's a little slower than the other poisons, but perhaps you won't mind that. Can be sprinkled on bread and butter or taken in milk. One box, ma'am?"

He took down a box and held it ready to dump, and she looked around the store, wiped a tear out of her left eye and asked:

"How long does it take paris green to kill?"

"Not long, ma'am—only a few hours. Many prefer it to any other poison, if they want to write a farewell letter after taking it. I can warrant my stock is perfectly fresh and pure. Should it fail to kill come right back and your money will be refunded. My object is to satisfy customers. Half a pound, ma'am?"

She wiped her nose. Then she sighed. Then she fished out two pennies from her pocket, walked over to a chewing gum machine and dropped them in, and as she stuffed two sticks of gum into her mouth she turned and said:

"I guess I won't take any to-day. If Mike comes in tell him I was inquiring for poison."

"Certainly — certainly — with the greatest of pleasure. Nothing else to-day? Please call again!"

—Here is an anecdote related by an Irish comedian of an experience he once had in the Isle of Wight. The place was Ventnor, and the prospects of a good "house" were dark. It occurred to the Hibernian artist to inquire if there was an Irish quarter in the town; so he said to his host, a hotel keeper: "Have you many Irish here?" "No," was the reply, "we are remarkably free from them!"